

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

FIRDAUSI IN EXILE, AND OTHER
POEMS 1885

ON VIOL AND FLUTE

OTHER WORKS BY MR EDMUND GOSSE

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ON VIOL AND FLUTE

BY

EDMUND GOSSE, C.B.



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To

THE VICOUNTESS WOLSELEY

*Among the dead, as thou couldstst see
Find room for this from great dead men —
This hour of pale of cowardice was*

*An hour of the gallies and the
That would not let the body die
A letter from the fugitive*

PREFATORY NOTE

THIS collection contains all that the author desires to preserve of such of his verses as were published, up to the year 1879 in certain volumes, all of which are now out of print. It is united with the later volume, *Problems in Exile, and other Poems*.

The frontispiece was designed for this edition by L. ALMA TADOMA, R.A., and the tailpiece by HENRY TOWNSEND, P.A.

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THE WHITETHROAT

I HEARD the Whitethroat sing
Last eve at twilight when the wind was dead,
And her sleek bosom and her fur smooth head
Vibrated, rustling, and her olive wing
Trembled. So soft her song was that it seemed
As though in wandering through the copse at noon,
She must have found the holy bough where dwindle
The dry-struck Nightingale.
And, listening, must have overheard too soon
The dim rehearsal of that golden tale
That greets the laggard moon

But through the narrative strain
Between each gentle cadence, and again

When those clear notes she tried, for which her throat
Was not so capable as I am,

I joyed to hear her own peculiar note
Through all the music float.

And when the gentle song that streamed away

Like some enamoured nuptial that flows

Under a night of leaves and flowering may

Died on the stress of its own lovely pain,

Even as it died away,

It seemed as if no influence could restrain

The notes from welling in the Whitethroat's brain

But with the last faint chords, on fluttering wing

She rose, until she hung in sunset air,

A little way she rose, as if her care

Were all to reach the heaven, her radiant goal,

Then sank among the leaves.

Pathetic twinges! with no strength to sing

And wasted powers far too weak to bear

The body's weight that mars the singing soul,

In wild and dextrous her below heaven's

Scarcely, with quivering plumes

She was the sparse bough of that tulip-tree,
Whose leaves unfurled a perfect song,
Whose mystic flowers her delicate mus'rics;
But, hark! how her rich throat resumes
Its broken music, and the garden blooms
Around her, and the flower that waited long,
The 'aut magnolia, rends its rosy husk,
And opens to the dusk,
Odour and song and mood in the day's dead no
Ah! pulsing heart of mine,
Fluttered beyond all judgment by delight,
This piercing harmony, the gentle light,
This soft and enervating breath of flowers,
This magic music-chamber of the night
With flood-tapestry of twilight hours
Is this enough for thee?
Lo! from the summit of the tulip tree
The enamoured Whitthroat answered "Yes! O yes!"
And once again, with passion and the stress
Of thoughts too tender and too sad to be
Cashmired in any melody she knew

She rose into the air,
And then, oppressed with pain too keen to bear,
Her last notes faded as she downward flew

And she was silent But the night came on,
A whisper rose among the giant trees,
Between their quivering topmost boughs there shone
The liquid depths of moonlight tinted air,
By slow degrees
The darkness crept upon me unaware.
The enchanted silence of the hour, of dew
Fell like a mystic presence more and more,
Ating the senses Then I knew,
But scarcely heard, thrilled through to the brain's core,
The shrill first prelude of triumphant song,
Clearing the twilight Ah! we do taste wrong,
Unequalled Philomela, while thy voice
We hear not, every gentle song and char-
ming & worthy of that to our poor noonday choice
But when the true forest music, full of pain,
And wounded memory, and the tortures ere

Of antique passion, fills our hearts again,
We marvel at our light and frivolous ear
What how they answer from the woodland glades !
How deep and rich the waves of music pour
On night's enchanted shore !
From starlit alleys where the elm tree shades
The hush's smooth luxuries from the moon's distress,
From pools all silvered o'er,
Where water buds their petals up and press,
Vibrating with the song, and stir, and shed
Their inmost perfume o'er our slumbering bed,
Yea, from each copse I hear a bird,
As by a more than mortal voice undone,
Sing, as no other creature ever sang,
Since through the Phrygian forest Alys heard
His wild competitors come fluting one by one,
Till all the silent uplands rang and rang

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS

"OUT in the meadow the young grass sprang,
Shivering with sap," said the larks, "and we
Shoo' into air with our strong young wings,
Spurting up over level and lea;
Come, O swallows, and fly with us
Now the horizon is luminous!
Decorating and warming the world of light,
Spreading and knocking it infinite!"

Far as eye by the sea in the south,
The hill of olive and slopes of fern
Were seen and glow'd in the sun's long slant,
Under the heavens that beam and burn
And all the swallows were gathered there

Flitting about in the fragrant air,
And heard no sound from the birds, but the sea
Flashing under the blinding blue

Out of the depths of their soft rich throats
Languidly fluted the thrushes, and said
" Mused thought in the mild air floats,
Spring is coming and winter is dead !
Come, O Swallows and stir the air,
For the buds are all bursting now are
And the drooping eaves and the elm trees long
To hear the sound of your low sweet song "

Over the roofs of the white Algarve,
Flash red shadow o'er the bright breast,
I lifted the swallows, and not one heave
The call of the thrushes from far, from far,
Sighed the thrushes, then, all at once,
Broke out singing the old sweet song,
Singing the bridal of sap and shoot,
The tree's slow life between root and fruit

But just when the dingles of April flowers
Shine with the earliest daisies,
When, before sunrise, the cold clear noon
Gleam with a promise that noon fulfils —
Deep in the leafage the cuckoo cried,
Perched on a spray by a rivulet side,
Swallows, O Swallows, come back again,
To sweep, and herald the April run.

And something awoke in the slumbering heart
Of the alien birds in that African air,
And they paused, and alighted and twittered apart,
And met in the broad white dreamy square,
And the sad slave woman, who I led up
From the fence her broad topped catches cap
Said to herself, with a weary sigh
‘ To-morrow the swallows will come and fly ’

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ST DOROTHY

A wanderer wandering from the east,
A saint immovably white,
I saw in holy dream last night,
Who rode upon a milk white beast,
Across the woods her shadow fell,
And wrought a strange and silent spell,
A miracle

With firm set eyes, and chargeless face,
She passed the cities one by one,
Her hair was coloured like the sun,
And shed a glory round the pine,
Where'er she came, she was so fair,
That men fell down and worshipped there
In silent prayer

But just when the dingles of April flowers
Shine with the earliest daffodils,
When, before sunrise, the cold clear hours
Gleam with a promise that noon fulfils,—
Deep in the leafage the cuck-oo cried,
Perched on a spray by a violet side,
Swallows, O Swallows, come back again,
To swoop, and herald the April rain

And something awoke in the slumbering heart
Of the alien birds in their Afric air;
And they paused, and alighted, and twittered apart,
And met in the broad white dreamy square,
And the sad slave woman, who lifted up
From the fountain her broad hipped earthen cup
Said to herself, with weary sigh,
‘ To-morrow the swallows will northward fly ! ’

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ST DOROTHY

A MAIDEN wandering from the east,
A saint immaculately white,
I saw in holy dream last night,
Who rode upon a milk white beast,
Across the woods her shadow fell,
And wrought a strange and silent spell,
A miracle

With firm set eyes, and changelers' face,
She passed the cities one by one,
Her hair as coloured like the sun
And shed a glory round the place,
Where'er she came, she was so fair
That men fell down and worshipped there
In silent prayer

In heret in her sacred hands
 She bore a quaintly curven pyx,
 Of serpentine and sardonyx,
 The wonder of those eastern lands,
 Whereto were laid, preserved in myth,
 The gifts of vase and transfer
 She bore with her

And after many days she came
 To that high mountain where are built
 The towers of Sura, carved and gilt
 And fashioned like thin spires of flame
 Then like a traveller coming home
 She let her m'ld-er'd palfrey roam
 And upward climb

Oh then methought the turrets rang
 With shouting joyous multitudes,
 And through the turret in criudes
 O choral hosts, they played and sang
 Such welcome, since the world has been

To singer, prophetess or queen,
Was never seen.

The golden gates were opened wide,
The city seemed a lake of light,
For chrysopras and chrysolite
Were wrought for walls on every side
Without the town was meet for war,
But inwardly each bolt and bar
Shone like a star

Then while I wondered, all the sky
Above the city broke in light,
And opened to my startled sight
The heavens immeasurably high
A glorious effluence of air,
And shining ether pure and rare
Divinely fair

And rising up amid the spaces,
I saw the lovely maiden go

In splendour like new fallen snow,
That robs the sun rise of its fires,
So pure, so beautiful she was,
And rose like vapoury clouds that pass,
From dewy grass

Between her hands, the pyx of gold
She held up like an offering sent
To Him, who holds the firmament
And made the starry world of old,
It glimmered like the golden star
That shines on Christmas eve afar,
Where shepherds are

And clouds of angels, choir on choir,
Bowed out of heaven to welcome her,
And poured upon her mirth and mirth,
And bathed her forehead in white fire,
And waved in air their gracious wings,
And smote their lulling viol strings
In choral songs

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ST DOROTHY

But she, like one who swoons and sees,
A vision just before he dies,
With quivering lips and hysteric eyes
Gazed up the shining distances,
But soon the angels led her on
Where surer cloudy splendour shone,
And she was gone

And then a voice came — "This is she
Who through great tribulation trod
A thorny pathway up to God,
The blessed virgin Dorothy
Still to the blessed Three in One
Be glory honour, worship done
Beneath the sun !

LYING IN THE GRASS

To T H

Between two golden tufts of summer grass,
I see the world through hot air as through glass,
And by my face sweet lights and colours pass.

Before me, dark against the fading sky,
I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,
Rich glowing colour on bare throat and head,
My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead!

And in my strong young living as I lie,
I seem to move with them in harmony,—
A fourth is mowing, and the fourth am I

The music of the scythes that glide and leap,
The young men whistling as their great arms sweep
And all the perfume and sweet sense of sleep,

The merry butterflies that droop their wings,
The drowsy nightingale that hardly sings,
And all the multitude of happy things,

Is mingling with the warm red pulsing blood
That gushes through my veins a languid flood
And feeds my spirit as the sun a bud

Behind the tower, on the amber sea,
A dark green beech wood rises, still and free
A white path winding up it like a stair

And see that girl with pitcher on her head,
And clear white apron on her gown of red,—
Her even song of love is but half said

She waits the youngest lover Not he goes,
Her cheeks are redder than a wild blush rose,
They climb up where the deepest shadows are

But though they pass and vanish, I am there ,
I watch his rough hands meet beneath her hair,
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me like prayer

Ah ! now the rosy children come to play,
And romp and struggle with the new mown hay .
Their clear high voices sound from far away

They know so little why the world is sad,
They dig themselves warm graves and yet are glad ,
Their muffled screams and laughter make me mad '

I long to go and play among them there ,
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair,
And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair

The happy children ! full of frank surprise,
And sudden whims and innocent ecstasies,
What godhead sparkles from their liquid eyes !

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays
That Tuscan potters fashioned in old days,
And coloured like the tound earth ablaze,

We fed the little gods and loves portrayed,
Through misty forests wandering undismayed,
And flung by us of pleasure unafraid!

They knew us I do not, what I then delight
A strong man feels to watch the tender flight
Of little children playing at his sight

I do not hunger for a well-stocked mine
I only wish to live my life, and find
My heart in union with all mortal kind

My life is like the single dewy star
That twinkles on the horizon's purple bar,—
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the meadow's grasses, Death
Should come behind and take a very man like this,
I should not regret as one who mourns his,

For I should give, but all the world would be
Full of desire and young delight and plea,
And why should men be sad through loss of me?

The light is young in the silver blue

The young moon shines from her bright window through

The moons are all gone and I go too

FORTUNATE LOVE

IN SONNETS AND RONDELS

I

FIRST SIGHT

WHEN first we met the nether world was white
And on the steel blue ice before her bower
I skated in the snows for an hour,
Till all the grey horizon, gulched in light
Was red against the bare boughs black at night,
Then suddenly her sweet face like a flower,
Enclosed in sables from the frost's damper power,
Shone at her easement, and flushed lazing bright
When first we met !
My skating being done I loitered home,
And so ight that day to lose her face again

Put Love was weaving in his golden loom
My story up with hers and all in vain
I strove to loose the threads I'd span again
When first we met.

II

ELATION

Like to some dreaming and unworldly child
Who sits at sunset in the midst of hope
When all the windows of the west lie ope,
Flooding the air with splendour undefiled,
And sees, by fancy in a trance beguiled,
An angel mount the perilous burning slope,
Winning the opal and the sapphire cope
And laughs for very joy and yearning wild,—
So I, in whose awakening spirit Love
Rules unresisted not to be controlled,
Am happiest when I struggle not, but hold
My windows open and my heart above,
Watching with soul not bowed nor over bold,
The stately air with which his footsteps move

III

IN CHURCH TIME

I took my flute among the pines,
 That winded the hill along the brown church & all,
 I or she was there, till shades began to fall,
 I piped my songs out like a bird at ease,
 When suddenly, the distant hurries
 Came, and she came, and passed beyond I recall,
 And left me throbbing, heart and lips and all
 As I wandered down the varied cypress trees,
 Ah! where, the vision of I cannot find,
 Drove all my folly hence, I left me faint
 O'er her my feet, I was so by my own,
 Till I saw her face the day after to-morrow,
 When I saw her face, I saw her face,
 As I saw her face, I saw her face.

IV

DEJECTION AND DELAY

CANST thou not wait for Love one flying hour,
O heart of little faith? the fields not green
Because their rolling bounty is not seen?
Will beauty not return with the new flower?
Because the tired sun seeks the deep sea bowers
Where sleep and Tethys tenderly converse,
While purple night unfolds her starry screen.
Shall sunlight no more thrill the world with power?
True Love is patient ever, by the brooks
He hath his winter-dreams, a fluent choir
And waits for summer to re-new again,
He knows that by and by the woodland nooks
Will overflow with blossoming green fire,
And swooping swallows herald the warm rain

V

EXPECTATION

When flower time comes and all the woods are gay,

When linnets chirrup and the soft winds blow,

Adown the winding river I will row,

And watch the merry meadows tossing hay,

And troops of children shouting in their play,

And with my thin arms float the fallen snow

Of heavy hawthorn blossoms as I go,

And shall I see my love at fall of day

When flower time comes?

Ah, ye soft fall of the border of the stream

Shall her red roses to a trim alone,

And I only follow into her solitary dream

Of many a parting eye,—may, even when

I see my love the very (old) of love,

When flower time comes?

VI

IN THE GRASS

Oh ! flame of grass, shot upward from the earth,
 Keen with a thousand quivering sunlight fires,
 Green with the top of satisfied desires
 And sweet fulfilment of your sad pale birth,
 Behold ! I clasp you as a lover might,
 Roll on you, basking in the noon day sun,
 And, if it might be, I would fain be one
 With all your glory, & every ray of light,
 Oh flame of grass !

For here, to chase my untimely gloom,
 My lady took my hand and spoke my name
 The sun was on her gold hair like a flame
 The bright wind smote her forehead like perfume,
 The daisies darkened at her feet, she came,
 As Spring comes scattering incense on your bloom
 Oh flame of grass !

VII

RESERVATION

HILL terrace looking down upon the lake
 Its corners where the deepest shadows are
 And there we sit to watch the evening star,
 And try what melody our lutes can make,
 Our raptur'd hearts with longing almost break,
 The while her gleaming eyes strain out afar,
 As though her soul would seek the utmost far
 Where spirits can at quarters, strike by glare
 To reach a place beyond the light's stroke,
 Where cold and fire and cold and cold, no more
 Are for the world around the moon's pale
 To see the light of Love—our anxious
 To see the light of Love—our anxious
 To see the light of Love—our anxious

VIII

BY THE WELL

Hot hands that yearn to touch her flower like face
With fingers spread, I set you like a weir
To stem this ice cold stream in its career —
And chill your pulses there a little space,
Brown hands, what right have you to claim the grace
To touch her head so infinitely dear?
Learn courteously to wait and to reverse
Lest haply ye be found in sorry case
Hot hands that yearn !

But if ye bring her flowers at my behest
And hold her crystal water from the well
And bend a bough for shade when she will rest,
And if she find you fun and teachable
That flower like face perchance oh who can tell?
In your embrace my some sweet day be pressed !
Hot hands that yearn !

THE

MAY DAY

THE PAST is like a funeral gone by,

The FUTURE comes like an unwelcome guest,

And some weak guest he would deem to find her

And some weak guest he would deem to find her

But the present is his own bright forth and day,

And his own day is his own bright forth and day,

Then, when all this is over, the Past will be

And his own day is his own bright forth and day,

And his own day is his own bright forth and day,

And his own day is his own bright forth and day,

And his own day is his own bright forth and day,

And his own day is his own bright forth and day,

And his own day is his own bright forth and day,

And his own day is his own bright forth and day,

A

MISTRUST

THE peacock screamed and strutted on the tower
The fountain flashed its crystal to the sun,
The noisy life of noon was just begun,
And happy men forgot that life was short
We two stood, laughing at the turret pane
When some Apollo of the ranks of Mars,
Crimson with plumes and glittering like the stars
Galloped across below, and there drew rein
To see so confident a warrior at arms
My heart was suddenly, from sun to shade,
But she, who knows the host of Love's alarms
Laid one soft hand upon my throbbing wrist,
And in her eyes I read the choice she in me,
And anger slumbered like a tired child kissed

VI

EAVESDROPPING

WHILE My was merry in the leafy trees,
 I found my fair one sitting all alone,
 Where round our wall the long light ferns had grown
 So high so deep, that she was drowned in these,
 And her bright face and yellow buoyant hair
 Seemed peered above them, where she sat and read
 Flashed by the leafy glits & varying shadows,
 A great big old letter book of verses rare
 We read our Chaucer, year and years ago
 When the little of Chaucer's little,
 And Tennyson's mourning with a broken heart
 And she & I read the rhythmic words
 And her sweet eyes dimmed again the book
 And she & I read the words, for her part

XII

A GARDEN PIECE

AMONG the flowers of summer time she stood
And underneath the films and blossoms shone
Her face, like some pomegranate strangely grown
To ripe magnificence in solitude,
The wanton winds, deft whisperers had strewn
Her shoulders with her shining hair outblown
And dyed her breast with many a changing tone
Of silvery green, and all the hues that brood
Among the flowers,
She raised her arm up for her dove to know
That he might preen him on her lovely head
Then I, unseen, and rising on tip toe,
Bowed over the rose barrier, and lo!
Touched not her arm, but kissed her lip instead,
Among the flowers!

FOR THE LATE LOVE

XIII

CONFIDENT LOVE

XIV

LOVERS' QUARREL

BESIDE the stream and in the alder shade,
Love sat with us one dreamy afternoon,
When nightingales and rovers made up June,
And saw the red light and the amber tide
Under the canopy the willows made,
And watched the rising of the hollow moon
And listened to the water's gentle tone,
And was as silent as the sea, sweet stand.
Beside the stream,
Till with "Farewell!" he vanished from our sight,
And in the moonlight down the glade afar
His light wings glimmered like a falling star
Then ah! she took the left path, I the right,
And now no more we sit by noon or night
Beside the stream!

XV

RECONCILIATION

But wandering on the moors at dawn of day,
 When all the sky was flashed with rosy hue,
 I saw her white robe dabbled in the dew,
 Among the sparkling heather where she lay,
 Bobbing, she turned from me, and murmured ' No !'
 Then rising from the ground she strove anew
 To turn away, but could not stir, and flew
 ' I lay in my arms the old sweet way ,
 And Love, that reached us ever from afar,
 Came fluttering to our side, and cried ' O , ye
 Who think to fly, ye cannot fly from me
 For I am with you always, & where you are ' "
 Yet her worth are we both and I am not there,
 The more Love is on our side, the more we are

XVI

THE FEAR OF DEATH

BENEATH her window, in the cool, calm night
I stood and made as though I would have sung,
Being full of life and confident and young,
And dreaming only of my love's delight,
Then suddenly I saw the gloom divide,
And gliding from the darkest cypress tree
Death came, white boned, and snatcht my love from
me,
And sat himself, grinning, by my side
Just then, as when the golden moon looks down
On starless waters from a stony sky,
My love's fair face shone out above on high
Whereat I, fearing nothing of Death's frown,
Turned smiling to salute her lovely head,
And when I turned again, lo ! Death had fled !

XVII

EXPERIENCE

DEEP in the woods we walked at break of day,
And just beyond a whispering avenue,
Where all the flowers were nodding full of dew,
We heard a sound of speaking far away,
And turning saw a pale calm queen assay
To tell that Love was cruel and untrue,
To know of girls in white robes and in blue,
Who round her feet, while listening lounged and lay,
Deep in the woods
But we two crushed the moss with silent feet,
And passed aside unseen for what to us,
Who knew Love's breath, and fanned its passionate heat
And laughed to hear our hearts' twin pulses beat,
Were tuneless songs of maidens murmuring thus
Deep in the Woods?

XVIII

THE EXCHANGE

LAST night, while I was sitting by her side,
And listening to her bodice-silken stir,
And stroking her soft sleeves of yellow fur,
I gave the sweet who is to be my bride
A little silver vasigrette, star-eyed,
And chased with cupids—and received from her
The gold' embossed' postmaster dot of myrit
She pounced her white hands with at eventide
My sleep till dawn was all consumed with thirst,
And passionate longing, then the great sun's light
Burst through my flimsy dreams, and nothing tells
Of all the joy that gladdened me last night,
Except this little golden box that smells
As her sweet hands did when I kissed them first

VI

UNDER THE APPLE TREE

AGAINST her breast I set my head and lay
Beneath the summer fringe of a tree
Whose boughs last spring had borne for her and me
The fleeting blossom of a doubtful day
That rose and white had tasted so fit decay
And now the swelling fruits of certainty
Hung there like pale green lumps and far to see
And I was strong to dream the hours away
Against her breast
Her satins rustled underneath my head
Stirred by the motions of her perfect heart
But she was silent till at last she said —
While all her countenance flushed rosy red —
Dear love oh! stay forever where thou art
Against my breast!

XX

EPITHALAMIUM

Hic in the organ loft, with luted har,
I ope plied the pearls with his snowy foot,
Pouring forth rouse like the scent of fruit,
And stirring all the incense laden ur,
We knelt before the altar's gold rail, where
The priest stood robed, with chalice and palm shoot,
With music men, who bore cithole and lute,
Behind us, and the attendant virgins fur,
And so our red autom flashed to gold,
Our dawn to sudden sun, and all the while
The high voiced children trebled clear and cold,
The censer boys went singing down the aisle
And far above, with fingers strong and sure
I ope closed our lives' triumphant overture

THE MENAD'S GRAVE

THE girl who once, on Lydian heights,
 Around the sacred groves of pines
Would dance through whole tempestuous nights
 When no moon shined,
Whose pipe of lotus fealty blown
Gave air as thrill as Cotys own,

Who, crowned with beads of icy dark,
 Three times drained deep with amorous lips
The wine-fed bowl of willow bark,
 With silver tips,
Nor sank, nor ceased but shouted still
Like some wild wind from hill to hill,

She lies at last where poplars wave
 Their sad gray foliage all day long,

The river murmurs near her grave

A soothing song,

Farewell, it saith ! Her days have done

With shouting at the set of sun

A YEAR

When the hot wasp hung in the grape last year,
And tendrils withered and leaves grew sear,
There was little to hope and nothing to fear
 And the smouldering autumn sank apace,
And my heart was hollow and cold and drear

When the last gray moth that November brings
Had folded its sallow and sombre wings,
Like the tuneless voice of a child that sings,
 A music arose in that desolate place,
A broken music of hopeless things

But time went by with the month of snows
And the pulse and tide of that music rose,
As a pain that fades as a pleasure that grows,
 So hope sprang up with a heart of grave,
And love as a crocus bud that blows

And now I know when next autumn has dried
The sweet hot juice to the grape skin's side,
And the new wasps dart where the old ones died,
My heart will have rest in one luminous face,
And its longing and yearning be satisfied

THE ALMOND TREE

PURE soul, who in God's high walled Paradise
Dost walk in all the whiteness of new birth,
And hearst the angels' shrill antiphones,
Which are to heaven what time is to the earth,
Give ear to one to whom in days of old
Thou gavest tears for sorrow, smiles for mirth,
And all the passion one poor heart could hold !

Behold, O Love ! to day how hushed and still
My heart is, and my lips and hands are calm,
When last I strove to win you to my will,
The angels drowned my pleading in a psalm,
But now, sweet heart, there is no fear of this,
For I am quiet, therefore let the balm
Of thy light breath be on me in a kiss !

Alas ! I dream again ! All this is over !

See, I look down into our garden close,
From your old casement sill where once you wore

The ivy for a garland on your brows ,

There is no maranth, no pomegranate here,

But can your heart forget the Christmas rose,

The crocuses and snow drops once so dear ?

But these, like our old love are all gone by,

And now the violets round the apple tree's

Glimmer and jonquils in the deep grass lie,

And fruit trees thicken into pale green shoots ,

Thy garb, that put on mourning for thy death,

Is comforted, and to the sound of lutes

Dances with spring, a minstrel of bright breath

But I am not yet comforted O Love !

Does not the aureole blind thy gentle eyes ?

That crimson robe of thine the virgins wore

Trembles thy footsteps with its draperies,

Else thou would'st see, wouldst come to me, if even

The Cherubim withstood with trumpet cries,
And barred with steel the jewelled gates of heaven !

In vain, in vain ! Lo ! on this first spring morn,
For all my words, my heart is nearer rest,
And though my life, through loss of thee is worn
To saddest memory by a brief dream blest,
I would not mar one moment of thy bliss
To clasp again thy bright and heaving breast,
Or fade into the fragrance of thy kiss

Yet would an hour on earth with me be paid ?
A greater boon than this of old was won
By her, who through the fair Sicilian plain
Sought her lost daughter, the delicious one,
With tears and rending of the flowery hair,
And sang so softly underneath the sun,
That Hell was well nigh vanquished by her prayer

Hail, golden ray of God's most blessed light !
Hail, sunbeam, breaking from the faint March sky !

What rosy vision melts upon my sight?

What glory opens where the flashes die?

Surely she comes to me on earth, and stands

Among the floweriest lingering trees that sigh

Around her, and she stretches forth her hands

Her hands she stretches forth, her speecheth not,

And all the bloom and effluence round her nose

That crown her heavenly saintship with no spot,

Victims the fairest flowers in Paradise,

Draw near and speak to me, O Love, in grace,

And let me drink the beauty of thine eyes

And learn of God by gazing in thy face.

Tempt not my passion with such lingering feet,

My trembling throat and strained white lips are numb,

Through black tanned tresses I see thy loveliness, sweet!

Robed in rose white, thou standest calm and dumb!

Oh heart of my dream, no more delay,

Yet nearer in thy cloudy glory come,

Yet nearer, or in glory fade away !

Fade then, sweet vision I fail Oh perfect dream !

There is no need of words of human speech

And the blind ecstasy of thought I deem

A loftier joy than mortal sense can reach,

No more, ye flowers of Spring, shall my dull song

Be heavy in your ears, but, each to each,

My love and I hold converse and be strong

The mystic splendour pines away, and leaves

Its fainter shadow in the almond tree,

Whose cloud of bloom white blossom earliest cleaves

The waste wan void of earth & sterility

Before the troop of lyric Dryades,

Veiled, blushing as a bride it comes, and see

Spring leaps to kiss it, glowing in the breeze

While life shall bring with each revolving year

Its winter woes and its mystery

This far remembrance of the sun shall bring
My thoughts of Love to rise in memory ,
Old hopes shall blossom with the west wind's breath,
And for Her sake the almond bloom shall be
The white fringe on the velvet pall of death

ON DARTMOOR

TO J. A. B.

I

WARM tissue of refulgent vapour fills

The valley southward to the hurrying stream,

Whose gathered and sun-washed waters gleam

Meandering downy rills through the terraced hills ;

Here, even here, the hand of man fulfils

Its daily toil, for though alone I seem

I hear the clangour of a far off team,

And men that shout above the shouting rills ,

Not pass this noise of labour on mine ear,

Nor seem, because of these, the spirits less near

That animate the mountains and the skies ,

The self-same heart of nature shapeth clear

Through filmy garments of a golden sphere

And earnest looks of humble human eyes

II

A soft gray line of haze subdues the west
That was so rosy half an hour ago,
The moaning night breeze just begins to blow,
And now the teams that ploughed the mountain's breast
Cease their long toil, and dream of home and rest,
Now grunt like the tall young ploughmen go
Between me and the sunset, footing slow,
My spirit, as an unwited guest,
Goes with them, wondering what desire, what aim,
May stir their hearts and mate with common flame
Or, thoughtless, do their hands suffice their soul?
I know not, care not, for I deem no shame
To hold men, flowers, and trees and stars the same,
Myself, as these, one atom in the whole

THE TOMB OF SOPHOCLES

A BOUNDING satyr golden in the beard,
That leaps with goat feet high into the air,
And crushes from the thyme an odour rare,
Keeps watch around the marble tomb revered
Of Sophocles, the poet loved and feared,
Whose mighty voice once called out of her lair
The Dorian muse severe, with braided hair,
Who loved the thrrens and wild dances we rd
Here all day long the proud bees can pour
Libations of their honey, round this tomb
The Dionysiac cry loves to roam
The satyr laughs, but He awakes no more,
Wrapped up in silence at the grave's cold core
Nor sees the sun wheel round in the white dome.

FEBRUARY IN ROME

WHEN Roman fields are red with cyclamen,
And in the palace gardens you may find,
Under great leaves and sheltering brood, bind,
Clusters of cream white violets, O then
The ruined city of immortal men
Must smile, a little to her fate resigned,
And through her corridors the slow warm wind
Gush harmonies beyond a mortal ken
Such soft Elysian airs upon a fane,
Such shadowy centers burning live perfume,
Shall lead the mystic city to her tomb,
Nor flowerless springs, nor vintages without fruit,
Nor summer noontimes when the winds are mute,
Trouble her soul till Rome be no more Rome.

GREECE AND ENGLAND

Would this sunshine be completer,
Or these violets smell sweeter,
Or the birds sing more in metre,
If it all were years ago,
When the melted mountain snow,
Heard in Enna all the woe
Of the poor forlorn Demeter?

Would a stronger life pulse o'er us
If a panther chafed bore us,
If we saw, enthroned before us,
Ride the leopard footed god,
With a fir-cone tip the rod
Whirl the thyrsus round, and nod
To a drunken Menad chorus?

Plucked there richer, redder roses
Where the Lesbian earth encloses
All of Sappho? where reposes
 Melager, hnd to sleep
By the olive-girdled deep?
When the Syrian maidens weep,
Bringing stepdolt in pines?

Ah! it may be! Greece had leisure
For a world of fabled pleasure,
We must tread a truer measure,
 To a willow, hornel or lye,
We must have a prder fire,
Lay less perfume on the pyre,
Be content with poorer treasure!

Were the brown-haired lo-ers bolder?
Venus younger, Cupid older?
Down the wood nymph's warm white shoulder
 Traced a purpler, redder vine?
Were the poets more devout?

Brew we no such golden wine
Here, & here summer suns are colder?

Yet for us too life has flowers,
Time a glass of joyous hours
Interchange of sun and showers
And a wealth of leafy glades,
Meant for loving men and maids,
Full of warm green lights and shades,
Trellis work of wild wood bowers

So while English suns are keeping
Count of sowing time and reaping,
We've no need to waste our weeping,
Though the glad Greeks lounged at ease
Underneath their olive trees,
And the Sophoclean bees
Swarmed on lips of poets sleeping!

THE BURDEN OF DELIGHT

Remember how the winter through,

While all the ways were choked with rain,

Half maddened with the rain, we two

Have nestled closer round the fire,

And talked of all that should be done

When April brought us back the sun,

What garden, what with butterflies,

What soft green nooks of bodied heather,*

What moorlands open to the sky,

We two would scour together!

And now the month comes round again!

Cool interchange of genial hours,

Soft gleams of sunlight, streams of rain,

Have starred the meadow lands with flowers,

And in the orchard on the hills

The grass is gold with daffodils,
 And 'e ha'e vandered hand v' hand,
 Where sea below and sky above
 Seem narrowing to a strip of land
 The pathway that we love

Our path looks out on the wide sea,
 And knows not of the land, we sit
 For hours in silent reverie,

To watch the sea and pulse with it,
 Its deep monotone a refrain
 Brings melancholy, almost pain,
 ' We scarcely wish to speak or move,
 But just to feel each other there,
 And sense of presence is his love,
 And silence more than prayer

Sharp round the steep hill's utmost line
 It winds, and, just below, the grass
 Sinks with tumultuous incline

To where the rock pools shine like glass,

The tufts of thurst can drink their fill
Of sea wind on this rugged hill,
And all the herbage, tossed and blown,
Is stained with salt and crushed with wind,
Save where, behind some boulder stone,
A harbour flowers may find

The bright sea sparkles, sunbeam lissed,
And o'er its face such breezes float
As lightly turn to amethyst

The pearl gray of a ring dove's throat,
Thus stirred and ruffled, shines anew
The radiant plume of changing hue,
So gentle that the eye dreams

No reason why the foam should fall
So loudly, in such scented hues,
Against the dark rock wall

The wind is low now, even here
Where all the breezes congregat,
The softest warbler need not fear

To hush it not do it make
 And it will never have to go to be
 So long we and more than
 A clear or so it is

Or so, come out of the mood,
 We do it, and so much or both
 This is the way to be

Are we so happy? So and so
 So much for the world
 For every person every day,
 For every one of us and so
 Through every day and so much more
 The boys of the world and so
 We do it, and so much or both
 O nature, come out of the fire
 The vales the boys and so much more
 To be our desire

So much for the world and so
 We do it, and so much or both

Perchance my pulses are too weak
To stir with all this sweet excess,
Perhaps the sudden spring has come
Too soon, and looms! my spirit dumb,
Howe'er it be, my heart is cold,
No echo stirs within my brain,
To me, too suddenly grown a old,
Thus beauty speaks in vain

Why are you silent? Lo! to-day
It is not as it once hath been,
I can not met the old sweet way,
Absorbed contented and serene,
I cannot feel my heart rejoice,
I crave the comfort of your voice,
Speak! speak, remind me of the past,
Let my spent embers at your fire
Perceive a little, till at last
Delight surpasses desire.

Still are you silent, only press
My hand, and I turn your face away?

Another day its fire will be
No less refulgent, no less fair,
And we by custom be made strong
To bear what we desired so long,
To day the shiel'ning nerves demand
A milder light, a softer air,
Some corner of forgotten land
Still winter like and bare

Come, leave our foot path for to-day,
And, turning inland, seek the woods
Where last year's somber leaves decay
In brown sonorous solitude,
The murmurous voice of those dark trees
Shall teach us more than sun or sea,
And in that twilight we may find
Some golden flower of strange perfume,
A blossom hidden from the wind,
A flame within the tomb

THE VANDRAKES

A Story in Grosgrain

Princess And what must this fair be sent
Oliver To such a war-ban heart.
The woods are green trees bent and brown
By the brooks here and there in oak
Half cloth with shadow To the grove
We breath down

Oliver *See every Jove*
Oliver You should have cried so in your youth
When Cleo on a hill saw her Truth
Sounded as you when you spoke
The years in robes of memory.

Dr. J. P. Parnament of Boston

Whether in meditation or in dream,
Or whether in the circle of known lands
I will tell I cannot tell the crested stream
Of the great waters breaking on the sands
The far brown moors, the gulls in white winged bands

Seem too clear coloured on my memory
To be the ghosts of my phantasy

Along the sweep of an untrodden bay,
Towards a great headland that before me rose,
Full merrily I held my sunny way
And in that atmosphere of gold, and snows,
And pure blue fire of air and sea, the woes
Of mortals and their pitiful despair
Seemed vague to my glad spirit void of care

The long bluff rose against the sea, and thrust
Its storm proof bosom far into the deep,
And many a breaker, many a roaring gust
Disturbed the calm of its primeval sleep,
Through the gray winter twilight, there did creep
In swarthy trefoil, or salt blighted grass,
A tell tale where the uncurb'd sea wind did pass

So even in the bright and pure June air
The place seemed vested in unholiness

The loneliness was like a pain to bear,
I sought about with stringedly troubled eyes,
For bird or flower to glad me in some wise,
In vain, then at the utmost verge I stayed
Where far beneath the resistent thunders swayed

Then as I stood upon the precipice,
Drinking the sunlight and sharp as like wine
I heard, or thought I heard, a murmur twice —
First, like a fit off striking, clear and fine,
Then like an anxious shouting for a sign
To careless boatman steering o'er the run
Of rocks — but both behind me and both dim

But even while, not turning, in my mind
I thought how very lonely the place was, —
The rushing of the steadfast wings of wind
Being empty of all common sounds that pass
The song of birds, or sighing in the grass, —
Then suddenly a bowl to read the skies
From the bare land behind me seemed to rise

And while my skin was wrinkled with affright,
I noticed far and far away, an isle,
With faintest waves of jagged pale blue light
Shut the horizon had not seen ere while,—
Thus in a flash of thought, such rights begin to
Our hearts in wildest moments, and we know
Not clearly after how it could be so

But in a second, ere the long shriek died,
I turned to see whence came this note of woe,
And marked on the down's topmost hollow side
One lonely scrawling gnarled tree that did grow,
Coiling its leafless branches stunted and low,
Midmost the promontory, thither I
Drawn by some hate spell felt my way did lie

It was a shameful tree, the twisted pun
Of its sad boughs and sterile hollow stem
Took fearful forms of things that are man's bane,
And circling drops of ooze did begem
Things with a dull poisonous emanation,

It had no bright young leaves to tell of Spring
Nor clustering mounds that hallowed old doth bring

And at its foot were forms that had no shape,
Unmoving creatures twisted like the tree,
With horrid wooden faces set agape
And bodies banded in the earth, to see
Such human features moulded terribly
Sent all the life blood surging to my heart,
And mine own breath was ready to depart,

When one most awful voice bent the roots
That were its jaws, and moaning slowly spoke,
"O mortal, what assemblage of soft lovelies
Rings now across the silvery warts that break
Along the city, where the shadows make
In tremulous calm lines of sunset fire
A magic image of each dome and spire?"

He questioned thus in strained voluptuous tones,
His hideous feet deep in the ground were set,

His body fashioned without skin or bones
Was like the mystic figure of smooth jet
Egyptian priests wore in an umket,
What time they mourned Osiris, like a shriek
His pained voice ended sharply, forced and weak

Then when I answered nothing, once again
He spoke — "In vast elysium of the blest,
Lapped in sweet airs, forgetful of all pain,
Fulfilling an eternity of rest,
Lo! Titian, of all painters loved the best?
Oh! say, in any land where you have been,
Heard you of him and not of Arcine?"

"O wretchless painter of the noble heart!
Dear friend I loved long centuries ago!
Lean from that golden chamber where thou art,
Above the sun and moon, and lighten so
The utter, endless agony of woe
That fills my wretched being, doomed for aye
Rooted in this foul lying grave to stay,

Ah mortal listen ! I was once a child
Into whose brain God poured the mystic rite
Full of pure odour fragrance undefiled —
He made drink to make a poet all divine
I took the gift men called me Ariadne
All that was pure and poet like I spurned,
And to hell fire for inspiration turned

God suffered long with me and let the fire
Of passion in youth burn to the ash of age
Saying to the angels " Surely when desire
Is dead within him his true heritage
Will seem more precious to him and the page
Of the great book shall in the end record
Some prayer, some love, some tender spoken word

Yet I still stuporously burned before my God
The rancid oil of hypocritical prayer,
And with unsanctified rash footsteps trod
Those shadowy precincts where the martyr's rest
Is heavy with the sound of hymns and rare

High spirit breathings fill the solemn place
Where God meets man, in silence, face to face '—

I stood beneath the tree now, 'all the ground
Was full of these grim shadows of man's end,
And all in some way shamefully were bound
Into the earth, but no two could I find
In which the same quaint stripes were intermingled
But each was human, yet each had the feature
Of some misshapen thing or hideous creature.

Oh how the earth around us, and the light
Of pure cerulean aether, full of sun,
Made awful contrast with the shameful blight
Of these foul natures! Then I looked upon
Was like an old man utterly undone,
With white thin locks, that blew about his eyes
Like grasses round a stump when summer dies.

Fear held my tongue, I trembled like the leaves
That quiver when the gradual autumn falls

On shadowy Vallombrosa and bereaves

The forest, full of flowery funerals, —

And all the windy places have their pulls
Of yellow leafage, till the noiseless snow
Muffles the rustling of this gusty woe

At last I murmured, " Cannot rest or death

Forever visit this pale place of tombs ?

And ceased, for, like the sound of a sharp breath

That from the drawn throat of one dying comes,

Whose heart the Master of all breath benumbs,

An answering voice arose, whose calm intense,

Sad music won my ear with sharp suspense

" Not vervain, gathered when the dog star rose,

Not agrimony, euphrasy, or rue

Not any herb can bring our pain repose,

Nor any poison make our summer, few,

For ever our own agonies renew

Our wasted bodies still to suffer pain,

To suffer pain, renew, and pain renew

' Ah turn away ! behold me not ! these eyes
Burn me like lightning with a scarring shame
Gaze not upon these ghastly infirmities,
That must deform me worse than maimed or lame,
The ribald children scoff at for their game ,
Ah ! in what jocund wise I danced and sung
Through the warm Tuscan nights, when life was young

' These gray and shrunken fingers once were lithe,
And meet for all most dainty hands orl' ,
Whether a painted coffer for a blithe
Fair bride, or for the Caliph or Grand Turf
A golden chalice, where red wine might lurk
Cold and unforbidden , or for monks when eyes,—
Worked in distemper,—hell and paradise

Ay rue ! what lovely figures I have wrought
In clusters, or along a church's wall
Where in a high fenced garden angels taught
Our Lad, at her baby's feet to fall
There, with his keys, went Peter, there stood Paul

With long brown beard, and leant upon his sword;
 As I all the virgin, saging, praised the Lord.

"But, best of all, I loved to stand and pain'

His face was doubled when the Lord arose,—
 Andrew, my ever blessed patron saint

Bearing his mighty cross, and worn with toil,
 And pining sore from self-inflicted blows,—
 His passionate, jealous, loving, hating heart
 Seemed every way my very counterpart.

"He is in glory now, and walks and sings

With saints who take his rough brown hand in their
 And see the angels' silver-spotted wings!

But I continue the journey with my prayer,
 And in the night am blest the years
 With my shrill psalm, hearten for what once
 My soul was doomed to anguish and intere!

'If one man's art can be another's harm,—

If half the world's men miss the goal,—

If thinkers weave out holy thoughts in vain,
Which bless the world and run their own soul,—
If bitterness and languor be our dele,—
Why do we sell, so greedily, at all
Laurel to poison our own brows withal?

All this is only vanity, but, lo!
For weary years I slowly fought my way
High up the hill of fame and should I go
Right well, down again at fall of day,
Because that Domenic, that popinjay,
Could trick a wall out with a newer brush,
And after him all men began to rush?

“When I grew poor, and no man came to me,
One night I lay awake, and by my bed
Heard a low, subtle voice, and seemed to see
A little demon, with a fiery head,
That whispered, ‘If now Domenic were dead,
And his new way dead with him, ha! ha! ha!
Luck would come back again to Andrea!’

"So one bright night when singing he went by

I watched him, round his neck a chain of gold
Glittered and lured me like a serpent's eye,

It was the price of some new picture sold

'My nerves grew steel, my veins of fire throbb'd cold,
My dagger smote him through the neck, chain bound,
And like a snake, the chain slid to the ground

"Ay me! ay me! what cruel, cruel, pang

Draws forth this tale of mine own infamy,
Ah youth! by all the angel choirs that sang,

Round holy Christ at his nativity,

I pray thee mock me not, in chanty,

Who for one hour of passion and fell spite

Must suffer endless torture infinite!

Then at my side a voice cried, "Look on me!

Stamp on me, crush me, grind me with your heel!

I, even I, this shapeless thing am he

That slandered Sappho! Set on me the seal

Of your undying hatred, let me feel,

Even though I burn with anguish, that men know
Her holy life was ever pure as snow '—

Then flattened out, I saw upon the ground

What seemed the hole of some misshapen beast,
With a pinned cord to bind it twisted round,
But lo! its heart in beating never ceased,
And now the flutter of its breath increased
Barring its body of unhealthy hue
With lurid waves of mingling green and blue

' Of old a stifled voice proclaimed, "I dwell
Deep in the cedar shades of that high hill,
Whose brow looks down on Lesbos, and the belt
Of sunlit sea where rippling laughter fill
The spaces down to Chios, thither still,
As gold above the Lydian mountains shone,
Sappho would climb to dream and muse alone

"How oft her red swept hair and kindling eyes
I watched, unseen within my own rose hawers

Her cheek that glowed at her heart's phantasies,
Bright as the reflux flush of fields of flowers
Stirred by the light feet of the flying hours,
When, about sunrise, on a morn of May,
Westward they troop, and herald the young day !

" So fair was she in my conceit , but soon
Her songs were sung from Lesbian town to town,
And other islands claimed the lyric boon,
And Andros praised, and Paros sent a crown,
And reverend men, in philosophic gown,
From Greece, from sage Ionia, came to lay
At Sappho's feet the homage of a day

" Then in my heart the love I bore her grew
To foulest envy, like the butter core
That lies in the sweet berry of the yew ,
For I, too, fashioned for the lute, and bore
Such ivy wreaths as would be poets wore ,
But never ode of mine did men repeat,
Singing for glee along the broad white street

" It happed that through the islands I must go
To gather tribute, and where'er I came
The youths and girls would gather round to know
What news of Sappho, till my heart became
Shrivelled and parched with spite as with a flame,
And evermore I set my subtle tongue
To hunt and whisper nameless tales of wrong

" And soon all lands rang out with that ill fame,
For little souls delight to think the worst
Of sovereign spirits who have won great name
For virtue or for wit, so all men nursed
And spread the rumour of these tales accursed,
Which smouldered, far from Lesbos, till she died,
Then burst in land flames unsanctified

" So to this limbo my unholy spirit
Was dragged by demons when my pulses sank,
And here forever shall my flesh inhabit
More pun than ever human body drank,
See this braised head, this haggard arm and shank,

The slow contracting pain of centuries
Has drawn the bones into this hideous guise '—

Then silence came, save far away the sound
Of waves that rang like timbrels in the air,
Dashing and dying on the shore, steel bound,
I stood above those lund shapes in prayer,
Desiring that, if any hope there were,
Quick by their souls and bodies might decay,
And to the 'overgrown waters fade away

For to my thought the moaning, sighing sea
Seemed yearning to receive them to its breast,
And fain would let its huge embraces be
Their haven of forgetfulness and rest —

“O let them die!” I murmured, “It is best”
Have they not fed on anguish all their years?
And drenched the morsel in the vine of tears?

“Their pains are greater than the Titan's were,
Hung a god man, a sign to man and God,

For his immortal spirit was aware
Of its own immortality, and trod
With head erect beneath the oppressor's rod,
But these are bitten through with their own shame,
And scorcht with infamy as with a flame

Wherefore, if Heaven forbid not, let them die !
The echo of my accents broke in means
From all the grim and stark fraternity,
That lay in heaps about my feet like stones,
Down to the caverns of my heart their groans
Sink, as a meteor, breeding death and woe
Slant down the skies on weeping lands below

Then all the silence grew a mighty sound,
Gathering in voice along the nether sea
As when, in some Norwegian gulf profound,
Sailors bechimed along the monstrous lee
Of desolate Torghatten hear the glee
Of many a riotous and rebel wind,
Deep in the mountain's even heart confined

With murmuring of immortal wings it came,
Blown by no wind, and moaned along the deep,
Then hang at last above that place of shame
On plumes of sound, like some great bird asleep,—
Though o'er the blue no cloud nor stain did creep,—
And slowly gave in words articulate
All the vast utterance of the unseen fate

O thou grave mystic, who, by inner light,
Dost watch the ruddy, throbbing life in flowers,
And shal'en by no pitiful affright,
Held'st converse with the eternal starry powers
By all the blue in full ecstatic hours,
From spirit tongues, to thee, a spirit, given
Bow down and aid me from thy lucent heaven !

Blake, loveliest of the sons of shadowy light,
Throned, with dawn mist for purple, sun for gold,—
Regent above us in all true men's sight,
Among thy hundred angel ranks enrolled,—
Thine not thy latest lover overbold

If in sore need he for a while prolong
Prayer for thy aid in his most arduous song !

For he must murmur what a spirit sang
Lisp the weird words no mortal can pronounce
For all about my head 't he air now ring
With the dead elation Voice that did denote
The writhing things and bade my heart renounce
Pity and grief, and drown in obloquy
All hope for these still dying and to die

No temple, and no tripod and no shrine
Is half so sacred as the soul of man,
Lit with a flame more subtle, more divine,
Than that which round the glimmering altar ran
With mutterings and with thunders, when the clan
Of Baal prophets howled and sank down dead
On the cold parapet their life blood fed

"Man is himself the Lamp for hallowed use
The oil that feeds it and the hand that lights-

Each to his brother in the present case,

And in the universal gift us ease.

So all contribute, with sacrificial ease,

Throughout the gleaming world, from bound to bound

To spread the wealth that old Prometheus found.

' And we should all tinge slowly climb up higher

In the perfection of ether rest,

And no less breath of passion stir the fire

That fell from God and curdled in man's breast.

By his own power should man be blest,

The soul being priest, and worshipper, and throng

Beating God's presence for an onward song.

' But ah! what punishment would not be mine

To scourge that rebellious priest, that would defy

The lust of his own God's mercy-seat,

Or who, with lambent fingers or a smould'ring rod,

Should from the profane worshippers beguile

The sacred gifts of holiness or of myrror

To turn in spirit where heathen gods are worshipped

"Would the vexed God be pitiful and meek,
 Nor smite the unrepentant with a thunder bolt,
 Clothing the lingering life and hollow cheek
 With pain as with a garment? Let the dolt
 Go ah ne and whimper over heath andholt,—
 Shall any lovers of the God be found
 Whose hearts shall melt with pity at the sound?

"Wherefore, if all things sacred, all things pure,
 All that makes life worth living for to men,
 White chastity and faith, and honour sure
 Have in your heart their answering echoes, then
 Cease to be wise above a mortal ken,
 And judge that we, whose robes are virtues, know
 Where justice rules, and mercy may not go."

As from the heart's core of a trumpet blast
 May rise the melody of whispering lutes,
 A softer music on my ear was cast,
 Even as I lay among those living roots,
 And heard their dreadful sentence, and the fruits

Of their insane rebellion, sweet and fur,
As orchard singing under a pale star,

That tender fluting rose but, gathering strength,
Thrilled like a hundred instruments in tune,
Here soft citoles, and here in liquid length
The sobbing of tense harp string, and all soon
Rounded with murmurs of the full bassoon,
And all words faded, and I rose, and lo !
A lady standing on the hill of woe.

Adown her shoulders, over the broad breast,
A saffron robe fell lightly to her feet,
Edged quaintly with meander, for the rest,
Her changeful eyes were wonderfully sweet,
Sea-coloured, and her braided hair made sweet
Under a fillet of starred myrtle flowers,
More huge and pure than any bloom of ours.

Her face was even as apple blossom is
When first the winds awaken it, her mouth

Seemed like the incarnation of a lass,
A philtre for all sorrow, in heart drench'd
A fountain breathing of the fragrant south,
A cage for songs — a vision — he knows?
Perchance the rose tree of the world's great rose!

Lullaby, the eternal Muse she hight,
Whose lips were music in Mœnades
Through all the alternatives of day and night,
Silence and song that this poor van world sees
She walks unchanged while old dynasties
Wither and die, and new creeds spring and fall,
And new flowers hear the new-born cuckoos call

There in her loveliness she stood and typic'd
Her arms out to me in most smiling mood,
Saying — Oh, my servant, in such dream'd,
Why floats thy spirit in a wind of sighs?
What ruth and pangs on gather to thine eyes?
What part hast thou with these? Ah! wayward child
Should I be clement to them? And she smil'd

O 't what a smile? But when she ceased, once more

I cast my eyes upon the twisted leaves

And all the pity that my heart once bore

To watch the writhing of the loathsome creatures

Fled from me, for their foul degenerate natures

Scorned under those pure eyes of hers, as hell

Must blot' en, seen from heaven's white pinnacle

She vanished—Then they howled and howled until

This cave o' me, de-sol'd o' other soul,

Was full of moaning echoes round the hill

Then with my hands my aching ears I bound,

And rushing from that cruel-cured ground

From cliff to cliff leap downward to the sea,

Where faint wave music was as balm to me

EUTHANASIA

WHEN age comes by, and lays his frosty hands
So lightly on mine eyes, that, scarce aware
Of what an endless weight of gloom they bear
I pause, unstirred, and wait for his commands,
When time has bound these limbs of mine with bands,
And hashed mine ears, and silvered all my hair,
May sorrow come not, nor a vain despair
Trouble my soul that meekly girded stands

As silent rivers into silent lakes,
Through hush of reeds that not a murmur breaks,
Wind, muffled of the poppies whence they came,
So may my life, and calmly burn away,
As ceases in a lamp at break of day
The fragrant remnant of memorial flame.

THE PRAISE OF DIONYSUS

Chant No. 3'

To A D

BEHOLD, above the mountains there is light
A streak of gold a line of gathering fire,
And the dim East hath suddenly grown a bright
With pale aerial flame, that drives up to the height
The lurid mists that of the night aware
Breasted the dark ravines and coverts bare,
Behold, behold ! the granite gates unclose,
And down the vales a lyric people flows,
Dancing to music, in their dance they fling
Their frantic robes to every wind that blows
And deathless praises to the vine-god sing

Nearer they press, and nearer still in sight
Still dancing blithely in a seemly choir,

Tossing on high the symbol of their rite,
The cone tipped thyrsus of a god's desire
Nearer they come, tall damsels flushed and fair,
With 13 circling their abundant hair,
One and, with even pace, in stately rows,
With eye that flashes, and with cheek that glows,
And all the while their tribute songs they bring
And newer glories of the past disclose,
And deathless praises to the vine god sing

The pure liveliness of their limbs is white,
And flashes clearer as they draw the nigher,
Breathed in an air of infinite delight,
Sweet without wound as thorn or flack of mire
Porne up by song as by a trumpet's blast,
Leading the van to conquest, on they fare,
Fearless and bold, whoever comes or goes,
These shining cohorts of Bacchantes close,
Shouting and shouting till the mountains ring,
And forests glad forget their ancient woes,
And deathless praises to the vine god sing

And youths are there, for whom full many a night
Fought dreams of bliss vague dreams that haunt and tire
Who rose in their own ecstasy bedight
And wandered for a through many a scourging hail
And waited shivering in the icy air,
And rapped the leopard skin about them there
Knowing for all the bitter air that froze,
The time must come that every poet knows
When he shall rise and feel himself a king,
And follow, follow where the ivy grows
And deathless prances to the vine god sang

But oh ! within the heart of this great flight,
Whose every arm hold up the golden lyre ?
What form is this of more than mortal height ?
What matchless beauty what inspired me ?
The brinded nuthatches know the prize they bear,
And harmonise their steps with stately care,
Bent to the mornary like a living rose
The immortal splendour of his face he shows,
And where he glances leaf and flower and wing

Tremble with rapture, shiver in their repose,
And deathless praises to the vine-god sing

EPILOGUE

PERFORMERS of the flute and song, all thy foes
Record the bounty that thy grace bestows
But we, thy servants, to thy glory cling,
And with no frigid lips our songs compose,
And deathless praises to the vine-god sing

THE LOSS OF THE "EURYDICE

March, 24, 1878

Tired with the toils that know no end,
On weary seas long doomed to roam,
They smiled to think that March could lend
Such radiant winds to waft them home,
Long penls overpast,
They stood for port at last,
Close by the fair familiar water way,
And on their sunlit lee
All hearts were glad to see
The crags of Calver through the shining day,
While every white winged bird,
Whose joyous cry they heard,
Seemed wild to shout the welcome that it bore
Of love from friends on shore

Ah ! brief their joy, as days are brief

In March, that loves not joy nor sun ;

O bitter to the heart of grief

The port that never shall be won !

Fast ship, with all sail set,

Doest thou purchasest forget

The straying mists and treacherous winds of Spring ?

And could those heathlands grey

Rebuke no tale to-day

Of wrecks they have seen, and many a grievous thing ?

Thy towering cliff, Durocco,

Full stern, a worse I deem,—

Cry out a warning voice ! too much they dare ,

Death gathers in the air !

A wind blew sharp out of the north,

And o'er the island ridges rose

A sound of tamped gong 'neath,

And murmur of approaching snows ,

Then through the night air

Streamed dark the luted banner

Of storm-cloud, gathering for the light & eclipse,

And fierce, rose and fell

The shock of waves, the lull

Of women, and the doom of wakening them,

As with an eagle's cry

The mighty storm rushed by,

Trading its robe of storm across the wave,

And galled them like a grave

It passed, it fell, and all was still,

But, horn-bolad wanderer, where wert thou?

The van was down behind the hill,

Then not the less canst print in colours fur
The eve of our despair

Not hard for heroes is the death

Thou greets them from the cannon's lip
When heaven is red with flaming breath,
And shakes with roar of sundering clup

When through the thunder cloud
Sounds to them, clear and loud,
The voice of England calling them by name
And as their eyes grow dim

They hear their nation's hymn,
And know the prelude of immortal fame,
But still indeed is this,

The meed of war to miss,
To die for England, yet in dying know
They leave no name but woe

They cannot rest through coming years
In any ground that England owns
And billows sadder than our tears
Wash over their unhonoured bones,

Yet in our hearts they rest
 Not less revered and blest
 Than those, their brothers who in fighting fell,
 Nor shall our children hear
 Their name pronounced less dear,
 When England's roll of gallant dead we tell,
 For ever shall our ships,
 There at the Solent's lips,
 Pass out to glory over their still bed
 And praise the silent dead

SERENADE

THE lemon petals gently fall

Within the windless Indian night,

The wild lured waterfall

Hangs, lingering like a ghostly light ,

Drop down to me, and linger long, my heart's entire
delight

Among the trees, the fiery flies

Move slowly in their robes of flame ,

Above them, through the liquid skies

The stars in squadrons do the same ,

Move through the garden down to me, and softly speak
my name !

By midnight's moving heart that shakes

The coloured air and land's gloom,

By all the fairs that beauty takes

In fruit, in blossom, in perfume,

Come down and still the aching doubts that haunt me and
consume !

Else if the chilly morning break

And thou has' heard my voice in vain,

Unmored as is a lover's lake

That through the branches hears the rain,

Be ware lest Love himself pass by to bless thee and—
re'fused !

TO HENRIK IBSEN IN DRESDEN

WITHIN the bowery window nook,

My red water flowered to day ,

Its colour fell upon the book

That I was reading where I lay,—

Your own sardonic masque of Love,

Wherein, when last waters blew,

I read, and marked the light above

Come faintly tinted through

And as your gracious verse unfolds

Its fluted meanings, leaf by leaf

And knows not half the wealth it holds,

Till, gathered in a rosy sheaf,

The full proportioned flowers of song

Flame, flushed, from the perfect tree,

And pour out perfume, pure and strong,

For all the world and me,—

So, now that May is well begun,
 And cuckoos in the woodland shout,
 My perfect flower that loves the sun
 Will spread its faultless petals out,
 Each bloom will tell my brain of you,
 Norse poet with the tropic heart,
 From whose blind root there slowly grew
 Such flowers of perfect art¹

And while I wait for your new song¹
 To waft its fragrance o'er the sea,
 I hold the memories that belong
 To you, to Norway and to me,
 I wander where the wild swan calls,
 And where the dark lake lies and shines,
 And watch victorious waterfalls
 Rush, whitening, through the pines

Ye are the city of sweet names
 Where Baffin and Correggio meet —

¹ *See note Gal. 100*

I by the dismal tided Thames,
In dreary square and sultry street,—
Both, by one magnet drawn, extend
Our thoughts across the northern deep,
Till both our beings mix and blend
Where gods and vikings sleep

So fires a bridge across the sea
From you to Norway, clear like glass
A mistier framework, built for me,
Permits my vaguer hopes to pass
One link remains unforged, one brace
The wizard's weird triangle needs,
One ray to join us face to face,
And then our art succeeds

That link between your land and mine
My English and your Norse denies
Your verses be like gems that hide
In coffers sealed from English eyes

Behind the veil we daily know

A solemn figure stands complete,
But feel not how the draperies flow,
How poised the hands and feet

I or me slow hours have drawn aside
The curtain that concealed the work,
Diaphanous thin webs still hide,
And gauzy faint concealments lurk,
But all the gracious form displayed
Delights me with its sweeping lines,
And every day some progress made
Decreases what confines

But oh! to win my people's eyes
To stand I with me—to gaze, admire,
To praise the statue's form as I see,—
That is the goal of my desire,
For since I you desire so of the weight
Of great plastic power, —

The sturdy self sufficient hite
Of all the world beside

My England, where the grass is deep,
And burns with buttercups in May,
Whose brookside violets nod in sleep,
Washed purer purple by the spray ;
My England of the August corn —
The heavy headed waving gold,—
Sweet blossoming land from bourn to bourn,
Whose name and speech I hold,

Receives my homage, none the less
I deem some precious things may be,
With which the sovereign Muses bless
The world outside our circling sea,
Some unknown gift the gods may leave
To be enshrined in alien lands,
A boon we humbly must receive
From unfamiliar hands

For you th slow revenge of time

Will bring the need your words have won

When common speech from chime to chime

Shall look to me one in a line

The re. Perhaps o th. is

Will crown your dentless line with bare

When our poor tongues and beating hearts

Are drawn on tread on way

For in who is there just to me

But in the red and the red,

Half a th. and a half a th.

And with fewer hands, and a

To be the same as the same

And in the same as the same

How long it is the same as the same,

And in the same as the same

That is the same as the same

The same as the same as the same

Tremble with change, and shivering so,
With gathered voices shake and shriek,
You tremble not, but brave and strong,
Pour forth as from a trumpet's mouth,
The great anthemas of song
Sent northward from the south

Work then in patience, till you see
The confines of your Holy Land,
That Palestine of poesy,
Where Agnes waits for you, and Brand,
Pull on with strenuous arm and oar,
The sandy bar will soon be past,
And grassy odours from the shore
Proclaim you home at last !

May, 1872

THE SISTERS

A DORIAN IDYLL

PHILENION LYSIDICE

LYSIDICE.

DEAREST, the only lamp is at thy side,
The vine surrounded casement open wide,
And on the floor's mosaic I have set
Green sprigs of rue and beds of serpolet,
And still the rain upon their leaves is wet
Farewell, farewell, and sing thyself to sleep

LYSIPICE.

Ah ! let me close you, burning eyes and blue !
Melt to a cloud, and fling yourselves in dew,
Else must I kiss you under either moon !

PHILENION.

I ought to soothe myself to slumber now
Were I set poppies or oblivion loose !

LYSIPICE.

Yea, soon behind our dear pomegranate grove
The large slow footed moon will glide and set,
And all the world its weariness forget

PHILENION.

Bow down once more that little curly head
And lay those soft arms on the saffron bed,
Among the trees, and where the shade is deep,
Who comes to night when all the world is asleep ?

LYSIDICE.

Oh, hush ! he will not see me, will not know
That I can hear his footfall there below

PHILENOY

And whatst thou listenest for his wandering feet,
May I not also keep my vigil, sweet ?

LYSIDICE.

Thou hast no reason, dear, to be awake,
I seek to sleep but cannot for love's sake
Ah, who has told thee that he comes at night
I hardly told my heart my heart's delight
He never sees, he never hears me there,
I lie, with fluttering pulse, till dawn is
His presence seems to quicken all the air
Is he not god-like, dear Philemon ?
Like him when the triple deity is one
Art thou, dear Philemon, not in a flame ?
The great Achilles ! he the Cyprian dame

And flushed her with embraces? Ah! that smile!
 I fain for shame must hide my face awhile!
 Ah! pity for my love's sake,—since thy breast
 Has no such reason for a such unrest

HELENION

Dear child, young love thanks thee a known best,
 And I was old to thee and past my time,
 Five years, forsooth, beyond thy budding prime

LADICE

Last morn' he came, and with his arms he led
 A new-washed lamb with roses round his head,
 He seemed to mean the lovely gift for me,
 But blushed too much my blushing face to see—
 How sweet 't is to tell thee all my woe

PHILEMON

Speak on, nor heed, love, that I tremble so

LADICE

I stole up towards him when he stood & lay down
 From stress of noonide on the pastures & town,

Before him flashed a distant streak of sea,
 Behind him rose a whispering tamarisk tree
 I listened close, and, sister, ere he set
 The laughing calathus his lips to wet,
 His eyes were sparkling, and—it might not be—
 I thought he whispered low "Lysidice!"

PHILNION

Behind that tree, and where the olives throw
 A silver shadow on the leaves below,
 Say, hast thou been?

LYSIDICE

Yes, where the boughs dimly
 In I show, half nestled in the dim hill side
 A novel and untrampled place of toils
 Thou weep'st, as erst, for the lamp flames
 The slaving fingers of those sweetest eyes?

In memory, thou art rich in thy to day,
 Let me go silent on a sadder way

LISIDICE

A burning tear has dropped upon my hand
 Have I done ill? I cannot understand!

PHILEMON

Among the graves that fill that olive shade
 I wandered once just such a joyous maid
 As thou. Within my cringing hands I held
 A young cicada, who by song impelled,
 Struck with his feet the ethers of his wings,
 I laughed, inspired by all the amorous things
 The sacred creature hated till I threw
 Backward my head, and caught against the blue
 A man's keen face that looked me through and through

LISIDICE

Let me come nearer, for you whisper low

PHILEMON

I spread my fingers, let the wild wings go,
 Spring to my feet, and would have fled, but he
 Was swifter, and his arms encompassed me
 Beneath the shade he vooed my fears away,
 And showed the channel where his shallop lay,
 He lived upon the seas—Oh! strange and sweet
 To sit at Aphrodite's awful feet!
 Next morn I stole, and laid across her throne
 A fillet of the e wane dark locks of mine
 An ivy wreath, a grasshopper in gold
 She rose from out the ungluing foam and cold
 She rules it still, and when I heard the roar
 Of distant waves I pruned to her the more
 I tell in vain

I, too, before the dawn to day hung up
In Aphrodite's shrine my silver cup
Engraved with massy combats of old Iongs

PHILENION

I pray the gods that with all pleasant things
Thy life at all times may be crowned and blest
May all the sweets into thy cup be pressed
Till the sad gods forget in mourning mine

LYSIDICE

Tell me what end came of this love of thine?

PHILENION

There is but one fixed goal where love may fare
And every lover that the world shall bear,
After brief space or lengthened, weal or woe,
They downward and in solitude must go
Where the Queen sits with poppies round her hair
Brief was our time for passion, scant and rye

The hours of pleasure in my life have been
 One chill October night when ours were lone,
 And I within the quiet house began
 To clear the soft white spinning wool & span
 Forth from my knees, and thou wert bent to hold
 The oil press lowly oozing liquid gold,
 Silent, before the fire, we two alone,
 There came out of the dark a wail of woe,—
 His voice in vision,—and I rose, but thou
 Heard'st nothing and knew'st nothing of my woe
 I felt that far away as sea his breath
 Had called on mine at the last hour of death,
 And I through the thundering foam and roaring tide
 My heart had heard the voice in perils died
 Yes, Aj'wote, to whom set I my prayer,
 Had heard my prayer in her or in mystic air

My foolish hardness? See, my cheeks are wet
With passionate falling of remorseful tears

PHILENION

Thou hast the spring tide lightness of thy years,
Sister! Behold, my arms are open wide,
Those vain reproches in this bosom hide!
Dream not that life has lost all bliss for me,
Content to love and live again in thee
Fair throbbing head, and flowing wealth of tress
Alive in its own glancing loveliness,
Soft neck, warm hands, and best of all, I know,
Clear virgin heart fast beating down below,
These are my loves, and till that sacred hour
When Love shall crown thee with his mother's flower,
And I into the strong hands of a man
Shall give thee, as a sister only can,
These are my care, and all my life shall be
Absorbed in conquering thy destiny,
What woe the gods may for our heads prepare,
With cheerful countenance and instant prayer,

I will prevail that I alone may hear
But when that day of days at last shall dawn
When underneath the platan on the lawn
Our hands suspend the wreath of drooping buds,
Your lotos girdle, starred with multitudes
Of nuptial blossoms steeped in rich perfume,
When all the maidens throng to view the room
Along whose walls the town's best art provides
Sweet amorous stones incident to brides,
When crowned with hyacinths, a chorus loud,
The virgins chant thy praises in a crowd,
And only hush, when on the ground they pour
The fragrant oil, one last libation more,—
Then, darling oh I may I be there to weep
Still tears of ecstasy that downy and creep,
My holy Cyprus round thy body twine
The sacred fiddle of her chime divine,
And thou may Love, all swallowed up in thee,
Forget, yea ' even in dreams, to visit me

THE FARM

To H T

FAR in the soft warm west
There lies an orchard nest,
Where every spring the black-caps come
And build themselves a downy home

The apple boughs entwine,
And make a network fine
Through which the morning vapours pass
That rise from off the dewy grass.

And when the spring warmth shoots
Along the apple roots,
The gnarled old boughs grow full of buds
That gleam and leaf in multitudes

And then, first cold and white,
Soon flashing with delight,
The blossom heads come out and blow
And mimic sunset tinted snow

Just where my farm house ends
A single gable bends,
And one small window, my bound,
Looks into this enchanted ground

I sit there while I write,
And dream in the dim light
That floods the misty orchard through,
A pale-green vapour tinged with blue

And watch the growing year,
The flower that springs and peer,
The apple bloom that riots warm,
The colours of the clinging red,

The falling blossom fills
The cups of daffodils,
That loll their perfume haunted heads
Along the feathery parsley beds

And then the young girls come
To take the gold flowers home,
They stand there, laughing, lilac white,
Within the orchard's green twilight

The rough old walls decay,
And moulder day by day,
The fern roots tear them, stone by stone,
The ivy drags them, overgrown,

But still they serve to keep
This little shrine of sleep
Intact for singing birds and bees
And lovers no less shy than these

Soft perfumes blown my way
 Surround me day by day
 How spring and summer flower arrange
 The aromatic interchange

For, in the still warm night,
 I taste the faint delight
 Of dim white violets that lie
 Far down in depths of greenery

And from the wild white rose
 That in my window blows
 At dawn an odour pure and free
 Comes rushing like the scent of wine

I live in forest and tree,
 My world seems to me
 A fragrant sacrament, where
 There is life, and light

Nor seems it strange indeed
To hold the happy creed
That all fair things that bloom and die
Have conscious life as well as I

That not in vain time
The speedwell's azure eyes,
Like stars upon the river's brink
That shine unseen of us, and sink

That not for Man is made
All colour, light and shade,
All beauty ripened out of night, —
But to fulfil its own delight

The black caps croon and sing
Deep in the night, and sing
No songs in which man's life is blent,
But to embody their content

Then let me joy to be
Alive with bird and tree,
And have no haughtier aim than this—
To be a partner in their bliss

So shall my soul at peace
From anxious carping cease,
Fed slowly like a wholesome bud
With sap of healthy thoughts and good

That when at last I die,
No prude my earth deny,
But with her living forms combine
To chant a threnody divine

THE PIPE-PLAYER

Hot, and palm shaded from the torrid heat,
The young brown tender puts his smoking by,
And rests the twin pipe to his lip, to try
Some sort of belated pleasure where lovers meet
O sweet moment, light and fine are fleet,
That all delight, and youth's best fun to fly !
Pipe on in peace ! To morrow, must we die ?
What matter, if our life to day be sweet !
Soon, soon, the silver paper reeds that up
Along the Sacred River will repeat
The echo of the dark-stoled bearers' feet,
Who carry you, with wailing, where mud lies
Your swathed and withered body, by and by,
In perfumed dirt and near with the grubs of whet

IN THE BAY

Far out to east one streak of golden light
Shows where the lines of sea and heaven meet,—

White heaves shot through with film of flying cloud,
Gray sea the wind just flutters and makes bright,
And wa' es to music neither low nor loud

Two horns jut out, and join, as I run the bay,
Sa'e where a sea-whale's nap of change may,
Ereel through the bar, where, black as black can be
Their scarp and hollow rock's resort all day
The jarr'd wheels of the tumbling sea

Here on a sorry cliff, while boys are
Flooded or lark and face brown with
We have sped and lashed, piling with sloes
The woman's and girl's path, and eld here,
And down to the sea we go, and

Then leaping down together with a cry,
I watched them dash into the waves, and fly
Around the shallow, as a sea bird bends,
Tossing the froth and streaming, and then I
Plunged like Arion to my dolphin friends.

The cool impact of water along and pressed
Around our buoyant bodies, head and breast,
Downward I sank through green and liquid gloom
By all the streams of shore and sea expressed,
Dark vitreous depths by faint cross lights illumed

And rising once again to sunlight air
We flung the salt drip back from beard and hair,
And shouted to the sun, and knew no more
The trodden earth, with all its pain and care,
But set our faces seaward from the shore.

Then, lo! the narrow streak of eastern light
Along the dark sea's line, began to smite

Its radiance high up heaven, the flying must
Sped from the sky, and left it gold and white,
And made the tossing sea like amethyst

Midway between the rocks that gut the bay,
An islet rose, of rock as black as they,
Sombre it stood against the glowing sky,
And two of us swam out to it straightway,
And cleft the waves with strenuous arm and thigh,

And as I strove and wrestled in the race,
I turned and saw my comrade's merry face,
The sunlight fell upon his hair, and through
The film of water showed the sinewy grace
Of white limbs, bright against the sea's green blue

So, laughingly, we won the rock, and then
Climbed up and waited for our fellow men,
Sat on the eastern bank of it, and let
The cold foam cling upon our feet again,
And plait our limbs with tangle crushed and wet

There, holding back the wet hair from my eyes
The moment swept me with its strange surprise
Straightway I lost all sense of present things
And in the spirit, as an eagle flies,
I floated to the sunrise on wide wings

Some antique frenzy sliding through my brain
Made natural thought a moon upon the wave,
First fading in a vague and silvery slay,—
I know not if such moments be not gain,
They teach us, surely, what it is to die

But suddenly my comrade spoke, the sound
Recalled my soul again to common ground
And now, like sea gods on a holiday,
My friends were tumbling in the foam around,
And made the waters hoary with their play

With that, I spread my naked arms and drew
My hands together over my head and I saw

That all was changing into cool repose,
And while into the pulsing deep I flew,
My glad heart sang its greeting, ah ! who knows

What power the sea may have to understand,
Since all night long it whispers to the land,
And moans along the shallows, and cries out
Where skermes in the lonely channel's stand,
And sounds in drowning ears a mighty shout ?

" Sea that I love, with arms extended wide,
I clasp you as the bridegroom clups the bride,
Strong sea, receive me throbbing, close me round
With tender firm embracing. I am doted,
I plunge and revel in thy cool profound !

Have I not known thee? Lo! thy breath was mild
About my body when I was a child,

My hair was bleached with sea winds full of brine
No voice beguiled me as thy voice beguiled

The loveliest face my childhood knew was thine!

‘ Then on the shore in shadow, but to die
I plunge far out into the sun lit spray,

A child’s heart gave thee all a child’s heart can,
But now I love thee in a bolder way,
And take the fiercer pasture of a man

“ Nor I alone enjoy thee! Here a score,
Comrades of mine and still a million more

Might leap to thee, then wouldst rejoice again
Like her of old whose mystic body bore
As many breasts as there are mouths of men

“ Clinging, thy cool spray makes us there alone
We have no human passion of our own,

Here all is thine, prone body and dumb soul,
 Thine for thy waves to dash, thy foam to crown,
 Thy circling eddies to caress and roll!"

With that I shot along the glittering sea,
 Parting the foam, and plunging full of glee,
 Tossed back my tangled hair, and struck far out
 Where orient sunrise paved a path for me,
 And whispering waves returned my lyric shout.

Behold me and around me, little and fair,
 Like Triton lings at sport my comrades were —
 Some towing coaches that they had dared to find,
 Some upon big rudd, brigs and yawls but
 So on the soft cool laps of the wind

Ah ! for the sky put off its robe of gold ,

A sharp wind blew out of a cloudy fold ,

The bitter sea but mocked us ! To the core

The keen breeze pierced us with a cutting cold

And sad and numb we huddled to the shore

So pass life's ecstasies and yet, ah me !

What sorrow if no change should ever be,

Since, out of grieving at a present blight

Come sweeter wafts of garnered memory,

And sweeter yearning for a new delight

Aad but for that chill end in rain and wind,

I know not if my changing brain would find

On its palimpsest memories of that day

When full of life and youth and careless mind

We dashed and shouted in the sunlit bay

THE BALLAD OF DEAD CITIES

TO A. L.

Where are the cities of the plain ?

And where the shrines of rapt Beth-el ?

And Calah built of Tubal Can ?

And Shinar whence King Amraphel

Came out in arms and fought, and fell,

Drooyed into the pits of slime

By Siddim, and so at cheer to hell,

Where are the cities of old time ?

They fade like echo in a shell,
Where are the cities of old time?

And where is white Shushan, again,
Where Vasthi's beauty bore the bell,
And all the Jewish oil and grain
Were brought to Mithridath to sell,
Where Nehemiah would not dwell,
Because another town sublime
Decoyed him with her oracle?
Where are the cities of old time?

L'AVOI

Prince, with a dolorous, ceaseless bell
Above their wasted toil and crime
The waters of oblation swell
Where are the cities of old time?

THE BATH

With rosy palms against her bosom pressed
To slay the shudder that she dreads of old,
Lyndee glides down, till silver cold
The water girdles half her glowing breast,
A yellow butterfly on flowery quest
Ruffles the roses that her tresses hold
A breeze comes wandering through the fold on fold
Of draperies curtaining her throne of rest
Soft beauty, like her hundred petals strewed
Along the crystal coolness, there she lies
What vision gratifies those gentle eyes?
She dreams she stands where yesterday she stood,
Where all the while arena shrieks for blood,
Nor in the sand a gladiator dies

THE NEW ENDYMION

Behind the ghostly poplar trees

The moon rose high & hush Celia died ,

To win the fastening midnight brace

I'd thrown the curtains both aside,

And thus was how I came to see,

In my most tearless agony,

The red moon in the poplar tree

The scent of lilacs, sickly sweet,

Just floated through the shining air,

And the hot perfume of the wheat

Hung like a vapour every where ,

The anguish of the summer night

Close, breathless, sultry still and bright,

Seemed without hope and infinite

But most the round orb of the moon,
That one by one the branches kissed,
Drawn out of her flushed waking swoon,
And changed to gold above the mist,
Seemed like a rancorous enemy,
Who climbed by stairs into the sky
Better to see my darling die

And I remembered, hushed at heart,
Without a tear, though she was dead,—
As if my future had no part
In that cold past upon the bed,—
I thought how much the moon had seen
Of happy days that lay between
The sweet my be and sad has been

Quar'ring to feel her, every time
I forged another link of love,
The very moon had seemed to climb,
To live with me, by me, and hang above,

I shuddered, and my thoughts I cast,
While all my vans were beating fast,
Across my memories of the past.

I thought of that clear tropic night,
When, like a bird, through Indian seas
Our ship unfolded wings of light,
And lost the land by soft degrees
She paced the deck, I heard the stir
Of robes, her beauty a monster,
And at the last I spoke to her

But while our budding fortunes crossed,
Amid her courteous flights of speech,
My careless vision slowly lost
The ring of palm trees on the beach,
Whereat another light began
Behind the isles of Andaman,
And up the golden moonlight ran

I turned and saw her gentle face,
Those violet moon shot eyes I saw,
And in that very hour and place
Bent like a vassal to her law ,
But yet I dared not speak, and soon
She rose and suddenly had gone,
And left me to the floud moon

I thought me of a winter street,
And how the first time, on my arm,
I felt her gentle pulses beat
As in a virgin vague charm ,
We let the rest pass on before,
An i talking lingered, more and more
Hid in the city's kindly roar

The great crowd caught us in its net,
And pressed us closer to each other ,
We spoke of all since I set a mat,
And I up and I 'e sister and like brother .

I all the while, with fixed intent,
Towards some more serious silence bent
To say a certain thing I meant

In vain,—till out of the blue night,
Behind the vast cathedral spire,
There swam into our sudden sight
A globe of honey coloured fire,
And in the wonder of the view
She hushed her talking, and I knew
How kind her heart was and how true

I thought, too, of the magic hour
When in one sacred chamber bound,
She loosed her wreath of orange flower,
And dropped her wealth of hair uncrowned
And I, with tenderest fingers I had
About the slenderness of her waist,
Her cool and cream white throat embraced

And through this window pane we glanced
 And saw the silvery soft may moon —
 Lū e some young mēnad that hath danced
 Till her bright head is in a swoon,—
 Lean up against the poplar tree,
 And in the wild wind we could see
 The leaves fold round her amorously

They folded round as sisters might
 Around a maiden sick to death,
 Whom some perfidious churl and light
 Had cheated with delusive breath
 The moon's white face that golden hour
 Had something of the tins that lour
 About the aconite in flower

Yet that last night when Celia died
 The room's floor had a stranger
 A ring of many had a bide,
 Like white roses and fair

Through all my sorrow, all my pain,
I gazed upon the orb again,
Till my pent anguish gushed in rain,

And then upon her face I fell,
My sweet, lost Celia, and my arms
Clasped round once more the miracle
Of her divine and tender charms,
The room grew dead, I know not why,—
I gazed and saw that, suddenly,
The moon was ashy in the sky

When I arose and left the dead,
And wandered up into the wood,
Till briar and honeysuckle shed
A subtle odour where I stood
And there, beneath the boughs that be
Thrust leaved against the stars on high,
The moon swam down the liquid sky

And since that night of pain and loss

I have not felt as I have felt

An alien in their court I move,

And from that night, I feel the end

The common way of life I share,

And quit my comrades every one,

And live sequestered from the sun

But when the crescent moon begins

To fill her slender bowl with fire

A dream upon my fancy runs,

I struggle with a fond desire,

I stride along the mountain top,

As with a breeze that large she drops,

My heart will rise and leap and soar

And when the perfect moon appears
A golden pyramid of spheres,
I rise a god among my peers

Twelve times within the weary year
That marvellous hour of joy returns
And till its rapture reappear
My pulse is like a flame that burns .
I have no wonder, now, nor care
For any woman's hands or hair,
For any face, however fair

Ah ! what am I that she should bend
Her glorious godship down to me ?
My mortal weakness cannot lend
Fresh light to her vast deity !
I know not ! only this I know—
She loves me, she has willed it so
And blindly in her light I go

Sweet, make me as a mountain pool

With thy soft radiance mirrored o'er,
Or like the moon of morn, gray and cool,
Thou hides thy virtue in its core,
I want grow old and pass away,
Thou art immortal, love, I pray,
Bend o'er me on my final day.

WIND OF PROvence

O WIND of Provence, subtle wind that blows
Through covertis of the impenetrable rose,
O musical soft wind, come near to me,
Come down into these hollows by the sea,
O wind of Provence, heavy with the rose!

How once along the blue sea's battlements
Thy amorous rose trees poured their spicy scents!
The heavy perfume streamed down granite walls,
Where now the prickly cactus gibes and crawls
Down towards cold waves from grim rock battlements
Of all the sitar, sharp and ransons,
The spines and stalks alone are left for us,

And so much richly essence as may cleave
About the hands of maidens when they weave
Wild roses into wreaths of bloom for us

Where are the old days vanished, ah ! who knows ?
When all the wide world blossomed with the rose,
When all the world was full of frank desire,
When love was passion and when flowers were fire
Where are the old days vanished, ah ! who knows ?

Come down, O wind of Provence, sing again
In my lalled ears, for quenching of all pain,
The litany of endless amorous hours,
The song of songs that blossomed with the flowers,
And brightened when the flowers decayed again

Love's ladies paced the sward beneath all towers,
 Their grass-green satins stirred the daisy flowers,
 No knight or dame was pale with spent desire,
 No pleasure served them as an altar fire,
 Their mortal spirits fueled like soft flowers

Some wreaths and robes, & lute with mouldered strings,
 One clear perennial song on deathless wings,
 Still tell us later men of those delights
 That filled their happy days and passionate nights,
 While Life smote truly on his tense harp strings

Now cold earth covers all of them with death,
 The grey world travels on with failing breath,
 Long having passed her prime, and twilight comes,
 And some men wait for dream millenniums,
 But most are gathering up their robes for death

The old air hangs about us cold and strange,
 We stand like blind men, wistful for a change,
 But only darkness lies on either hand,

And in a smister, unlovely land,
We cling together, waiting for the change

But in this little interval of rest
May one not press the rose flower to his breast,
The sanguine rose whose passionate delight
In amorous days of old was infinite,
And now, like some narcotic, sings of rest?

So be it! I, the child of this last age,
To whom the shadow of death is heritage,
Will set my face to dream against the past,
This time of tears and trouble cannot last,
The dawn must some time herald a new age

Till then, O wind of Proence, thrill my brain
With musk and terebenth and dewy rain
I rom or er luscious roses, and declare
That wine is delicate and woman fair,
O wind of Proence, shall I call in vain?

RONDEAU

If Love should furt, and half disclose

Below the fit meridian age,

And charm of all his golden dews

His royal state and loveliness,

Be no more worth a heart like thine,

Let not thy nobler passion pine,

But, with a dear lyde un,

Let Memory ply her oft address

If Love should furt ,

And oh ! this haggard heart of mine,

Like some pale pilgrim starved with woe,

Shall ache in pity's dear distress,

Urtw' the helms of thy excess

To wind the finished case combine,

If Love should furt

MOORLAND

Now the banners of May
Tumble faster day by day
And the stalks of flowering clover
And the June field red all over —

Now the cuckoo like a bell
Tollates a sad farewell
And his note rings piercing
Love's : cry to en-ends her grieving —

Let us turn our eyes and go
Where the feathered tribes are
We are going to find our soldier
In the heart of the moorland

Just a year ago to day,
 Friend, we climbed the self same way,
 Through the village green, and higher
 Past the smith's thundering fire,

Up and up and where the hill
 Wound us by the cider still,
 Where the withers cover the meadow
 Set along the hedge for shadow

Where the little wayside inn
 Signals that the moors begin,
 Ah ! remember all our laughter,
 Lounging at the bar,—and after !

All must be the same to day,
 All must look the same old way,
 Only that the sweet child maiden
 We admired so well, fruit laden,

Now life an expanded bud,
 Must be blown to womanhood,
 And the fuller lips and bosom
 Must proclaim the perfect bloom

One step more! Before us, lo!
 Shews the great ravine below,
 Empty, save where one brown plover
 Wheels across the ferny cover!

Here, & here all our valley lies
 Laid a scroll before our eyes,
 Let us spend our golden leisure
 In a world of lay pleasure

Comrade, let your heart forget
 All the thoughts that fray at I fret,
 Tell the sun-dew late on your forehead,
 How I love in this fern, wild & free

See below us, where the stream
Winds with broken silver gleam,
How the nervous quivering salmons
Bend and dare not touch the shallows !

In that willow shaded pool,
When last June the air was cool,
How we made the hot noon slaver
With our plunge into the river

In the sweet sun, side by side
You and I and none beside !
Head and hands, thrown backward, shod on,
Bunk into the soft warm bracken

Up in heaven a milky sky
Floats across us lazily ,
When we close our eyes, the duller
Half light seems a faint red colour

In this weary life of ours
Pass too many leaden hours,
In our chronicles of passion
Too much apes the world's dull fashion

If our spirits strive to be
Pure and high in their degree,
Let us learn the soaring strain
Under God's own empyrean

Languid in the sun and air
'Tis as the spirit strong and fair,
Flaccid veins and pallid features
Are not fit for sky-born creatures

Come then, for the hours of May
Wane and falter, day by day,
And the thrushes first June chorus
Will have walked the words before us

THE GOLDEN ISLES

To J. A. S.

SAD would the salt waves be,

And cold the singing sea,

And dark the gulfs that echo to the seven stringed lyre,

If things were what they seem,

If life had no fair dream,

No magic made to tip the dull sea life with fire

Then Sleep would have no light

And Death no voice or sight,

Their sister Sorrow, too, would be as blind as they,

And in this world of doubt

Our souls would roam about,

And find no song to sing and no word good to say

The reverted forms they bear
Of islands forested and fur,
On whose keen rocks, of old, heroic fleets have struck,
Whose marble cliffs have seen
In flowing garments green
The ocean nymphs go by to bring the shepherds' luck.

White are their crags, and blue
Ravines divide them through,
And like a violet shell their cliffs recede from sight,
Between sun then fretted eyes
Fresh isles in lovely shapes
Die on the horizon pile and lapse in liquid light

Past that dim straitened shore,
The Argive mother bore
The boy she brought to Zeus, pledge of the Golden fleece,
Here Delos, like a gem,
Still feels Leto's hem,
A lordlier Naxos crowns a purpler arc of sea

These mine, of Paros he
 Hid from the sun's clear eye,
 And waiting still the lump the hammer and the axe
 And he who, peevish, sees
 These nobler Cyclades
 Forget the ill of life, and nothing mortal lack.

But many an one, in vain
 Puts out across the main,
 As if there's to leap on land and tread the magic shore
 He comes for all his toil,
 No nearer to their soil,—
 There's as he looms on a frowning still before.

So he contented will
 The storm wind hush and chill
 Puts on his sail, and bless the heaven with clouds of
 Fate
 And we'll indeed be free,
 And a word of cure
 For many a sick and weary sailor when he can

The poet sits and smiles,

He knows the Golden Isles,

He never hopes to win their cliffs, their marble mines,

Reefs where their green sea rives,

The coldness of their caves,

Their feldspars full of light, their rosy corallines

All these he oft has sought,

Led by his travelling thought,

Their glorious distance lures no inward charm from him,

He would not have their day

To common light decay,

He loves their mystery best, and bids their shapes be dim

They solace all his pain,

They animate his strains,

Within their radiant glow he soon forgets the world,

They bathe his tornéd noons

In the soft light of noons,

They leave his fingerings exchang'd tenderly unpearled

As one who walks all day

Along a dusty way,

May turn aside to plunge in some sequestered pool

And so may straight forget

His weariness and fret,—

So feels the poet's heart those highlands blue and cool

Content to know them there,

Hung in the shining air,

He trusts no foolish sail to win the hopeless coast,

His vision is enough

To feed his soul with love,

And he who grasps too much may even himself be lost

He knows that, if he waits,

One day, the well worn gates

Of life will open and send him westward o'er the vast

Then will he reach eve night

To sleep of his delight,

And they, his truest friends, until they anchor in the grave

SUNSHINE BEFORE SUNRISE

THE ice white mountains clustered all around us,
But arctic summer blossomed at our feet ,
The perfume of the creeping willows found us
The cranberry flowers were sweet

The reindeer champed the ghastly moss, and over
The sparkling peak that crowned the dim ravine
The sky was violet blue , and loved by lover
We clung and lay half dead

Below us through the valley crept a river,
Cleft round an island where the Lap men lay
Its sluggish water dragged with slow endeavour
The mountain snows away

One thin blue curl of wood smoke rose up single,—
 The only sign of life the valley gave,
 But where the fern roots and the streamlets tangle
 Our hearts were warm and brave

My arm was round her small head sweetly fashioned,
 Her bright head shapely as a by-remembered bell,
 So silent were we that our hearts' impassioned
 Twin throb was audible.

Alas! for neither knew the language spoken
 Amongst the people whence the other came,
 A few brief words were all we had for telling,
 And just each other's name

"*My love is pure as this blue fern we grow on*"
 I said — but saw 't he let the meaning slip,
 "*Jeg elsker Dee,*" I felt must be, "*I love thee*"
 And answered, lip to lip

Oh! how the tender throbbing of her bosom
 Beat, beat like mine, crushed to mine in that embrace,

White blushes, like the light through some red blossom,
Dyed all her dewy face

There is no night time in the northern summer,
But golden slumber fills the hours of sleep,
And sunset fades not, till the bright new comer,
Red sunrise, smites the deep

But when the blue snow shadows grew intenser
Across the peaks against the golden sky,
And on the hills the knots of deer grew denser,
And raised their tender cry,

And wandered downward to the Lap men's dwelling,
We knew our long sweet day was nearly spent,
And slowly, with our hearts within us swelling,
Our homeward steps we bent

Down rugged paths and torrents mad with foaming,
With clashing hands, we listened, blind with joy
I thought a long life spent like this in roaming
Would never tire or cloy

And very late we saw before us dreaming,
 The red roofed town where all her days had been,
 And far beyond, half-shaded and half gleaming,
 The blue sea, flecked with green.

And sweet is life and sweet is joy this young passion,
 And sweet the first love on a girl's warm cheek,
 Since then we both have learnt in broken fashion
 Each other's tongues to speak,

And many days and nights of love and pleasure
 Have led their fragrant chapters on our hair,
 And many hours of eloquent reverie
 Have made our lives seem fair.

For every leaf we see is there a place to
 In all her shining catalogue of love,
 As the story of older wars and old loves
 Among the century flowers.

SONG

THERE'S a sleek thrush sits in the apple tree

When it blooms all over with rosy snow,

And hark ! how he opens his heart to me,

Till its inmost hopes and desires I know !

Blow, wind, blow,

For the thrush will fly when the bloom must go

O a friend I had, and I loved him well

And his heart was open and wing to mine,

And it pains me more than I choose to tell,

That he cares no more if I laugh or pine

Friend of mine,

Can the music fade out of love like this ?

SESTINA

From a poem written by Dante
Giovanni d'Amico

I, fair Provence the land of late and rose
Art thou, great mas of the love of love,
First who thy virtues to win his lady's heart
Once she was deaf when simpler loves he sang,
And for her sake he bore the burden of rhyme,
And in his scholar's dress he hid his woe

If thy lines cried out to the world the woe
Which thou art bound to endure
I know of him that gave his life in rhyme
I know of him that gave his life in rhyme
I know of him that gave his life in rhyme

And like a wild wood nightingale he sang
Who thought in crabb'd lays to ease his heart

It is not told in her unwar'd heart
Was such a life, her poet's rhyme was,
Or if in vain so amorously he sang,
Each man's thought that of dark conceits he rose
To nobler heights of philosophic lore
And crown'd his lyrics with sternest rhyme

That thing alone we know the temple rhyme
Of him who lived by law and purest heart
To all the warring strains of hate and love,
Wrote to the world of all its state of woe,—
As some loud morn of March may hear a note, —
The trumpet of a song that dwells a song

South of his mother tongue the Frachina sang
Of Lancelot and of Lancelot, the rhyme
That beat so bloodily at the core of rose,
It stirred the sweet Francesca's gentle heart

To take that kiss that brought her so much woe
And sealed in fire her martyrdom of love

And Dante, full of her immortal love
Stayed his dear song and softly fondly sung
As though his voice bore with that weight of woe
And to this day we think of Arnaut's rhyme
Whenever pity at the labouring heart
On fair Francesca's memory drops the rose

Ah sovereign Love forget this weaker rhyme
The men of old who sang were great of heart
Yet have we too known woe and worn thy robe

ON A LUTE FOUND IN A SARCOPHAGUS

T O L A T

WHAT curled and scented sun girls, almond eyed,
With lotos blossoms in their hands and hair,
Have made their sworthy lovers call them fair,
With these spent strings, when brutes were deified,
And Memnon in the sunrise sprang and cried,
And love winds smote Behastus, and the bare
Black hoists of carved Pasht received the prayer
Of supphants bearing gifts from far and wide !
This lute has out-sung Egypt, all the lives
Of violent passion, and the vast calm art
That lasts in granite only, all be dead,
This little bird of song alone survives,
As fresh as when its fluting smote the heart
Last time the brown slave wore it garlanded

SONGS FROM "KING ERIK" (1876)

I

Autumn closes
Round the roses,
Shatters, strips them, head by head
Winter passes
Over the graves
Turns them yellow, brown and red,
Can a lover
Ever recover
When his summer love is dead?

Yet the willow
Turns to follow
In the northward vale of spring
To refreshment
Weaned pass on

With a sweep of his dark wing,
As returning
Love flies banning
To those stricken lips that sing

II

I bring a garland for your head,
Of blossoms fresh and fur,
My own hands wound their white and red
To ring about your hair
Here is a lily, here a rose,
A warm narcissus that scarce blows,
And fairer blossoms no man knows

So crowned and chapleted with flowers,
I pray you be not proud,
For after brief and summer hours
Comes autumn with a shroud,—
Though fragrant as a flower you lie,
You and your garland, byt and byt,
Will fade and wither up and die

SONGS FROM "THE UNKNOWN LOVER"

(1878)

I

SOFT she seems as flower and dew,
Mild as skies in summer,
But let old love change for new
She'll wake with the new corner,
All and each
She will teach
In a freer fashion
Leap and wild
Fear this child
Roused to fire and passion !

Cease to chide a maid's desire,
Win your love as 'twere,

You'll bet waste your threats and ire,
She will heed you never,
You may bind
Storm and wind,
You may curb the ocean,
But in vain
Strive to chain
Woman's mad devotion

II

Chloe is false, but the fire in her eyes
Rouses her lovers with thousand sweet delusions,
Celia is true, and, too true to be won
Breaks, like a dream, all their amorous illusions

Lovers are weak, and they ask not to know
All that lies under the rose leaves and the laughter,
Wisdom may call, but to pleasure they go,
Celia they honour, but Chloe they run after

WITH A BIRTHDAY GIFT OF WEBSTER'S PLAYS

Poet and Friend ! Pause while the bells of Time
Ring out the great division of your days,
And let the cadence of these combic plays
Be the grave echo of their silver chime,
And as you slowly up to glory climb,
Nigh fainting in the lower theory ways,
Take solace from the eternal wreath of bays
That crowns 't last this weary brow sublime,
His was a soul whose calm intensity
Glared, speechless, at the passion-sun that blinks,
Unblinded, all the storm of song and eye,—
Even as the patient and Prometheus sea
Tosses in sleep, until the vulture wings
Swoop down and tear the breast of his repose

EROS

WITHIN a forest, as I stried
Far down a sombre autumn glade,
I found the god of love,
His bow and arrows cast aside,
His lovely arms extended wide,
A depth of leave, above,
Beneath o'erarching boughs he made
A place for sleep in russet shade

His lips, more red than any rose
Were like a flower that overflows
With honey pure and sweet,
And clustering round that holy mouth
The golden bees in eager drouth
Flied busy wings and feet,
They knew, what every lover knows
There's no such honey bloom that blows

LUBECK

We sat in Lubeck underneath
The hoodens of the monster-clo
Rotted as the city, still as death
Was gathered like a roe

The great red tower spring over us
Far up a dome of sulphur-glow
More vast and clear and luminous
Than English minster-tro

Just a ring of the Pöckel-bro
Singing from the clouds of the sea,
And we were through the golden
And the silver way to the

And, whistling low, a goose-herd came,
And led his flock across the grass,
And then we saw a burgher dame,
Demurely smiling, pass

We sucked the juice from tangled skeins
Of currants, rosy red and white,
And in the wind the ancient tapes
Were creaking out of sight

And little maidens, too, came by,
And shook their tails of flaxen hair,
We held a conclave, small and shy,
To taste our juicy fare,

Then, wandering down by mouldering towers,
We reached at last a little knoll,
And there, among the prissy flowers,
We read of "Atta Troll

How so ectly in the falling light
The broad still river, like a meat,

Swang, with its water lilies white,
And yellow buds afloat !

A little mither ! but such moods
Make up the sum of happy hours .
In uncongenial solitudes
They come to us lil o flowers

So try that afternoon to sleep
Among your darrest pansy-knots,—
The hushed herbarium where you keep
Your heart's forget me nots

D G R.

MASTER, whose very words have god like power
Of song and light divine, being his who went
Unscathed through bearing fire unscathed,
Singing for men, and his who hear by hour
Stands in the imminent and splendid shower
Of God's effulgence, and being lustily blent
With the warm light and odour effluent
Of your own rhymes, our latest, loveliest dower,
Not in our own land could my weakness mock
Your strength with homage of my poor May day,—
The applause of circling poets scared my song,
But here where twenty thousand thunders shock
The violent air for leagues of dim sea way
Surely my heart may speak, nor do you wrong!

Outside Bergen Harbour Aug. 1871

TO MY DAUGHTER TERESA

THOU hast the colours of the Spring,
The gold of kingcups triumphing,
 The blue of wood bells wild
But winter thoughts thy spirit fill,
And thou art wandering from us still,
 Too young to be our child

Yet have thy fleeting smiles confessed
Thou dost not much de-vied possess,
 That home is near at hand,
Long I sit in lonely rapture listening
Close by our door thy spirit's sigh,
 Its journey telling on its way

Oh sweet bewildered soul, I watch
The fountains of those eyes, to catch
New fancies bubbling there,
To feel our common light, and lose
The flush of strange ethered hues
Too dim for us to share !

Fade, cold immortal lights, and make
This creature human for my sake,
Since I am nought but clay,
An angel is too far a thing
To sit behind my chair and sing,
And cheer my passing day

I smile, who could not smile, unless
The air of rapt unconsciousness
Preced, with the fading hours,
I joy in every childish age
That proves the stranger less to me
And much more mockly ours

I smile, as one by night & hoar-frost,
Through mist of rock-beded trees,
The clear Orion set,
And knows that soon the dawn will fly
In fire across the green sky,
And gild the woodlands wet.

ALCYONE

SONNET

PHOEBUS

What voice is this that wails above the deep?

ALCYONE

A wife's, that mourns her fate and loveless days

PHOEBUS

What love has buried in these water ways?

ALCYONE

A husband's, turned to eternal sleep

PHOEBUS

Cease, O beloved, cease to wail and weep !

ALCYONE

Wherefore?

PHORBUS

The waters in a fiery blaze
Proclaim the godhead of my healing rays!

ALCYONE

No god can sow where fate hath stood to reap

PHORBUS

Held, wringing hands! cease, piteous tears, to fall!

ALCYONE

But grief must rain and glut the passionate sea!

PHORBUS

Thou shalt forget this ocean and thy wrong,
And I will bless the dead, though past recall!

ALCIVS

What canst thou give to me or him in me?

PHOTUS

A name in story and a light in song

THE WELL

LIKE this cold and mossy fount
Which forgets the sun at noon,
Sees just stars enough to count,
And a vision of the moon,—

Where the little stems and leaves,
Round the edges of the well,
Quiver, while the water grieves,
At the tale it has to tell,—

Where your bright face, peering through
Two soft clouds of falling hair
Sees a dim and troubled vision
Of its own dear beauty there,—

Such my heart is, as it lies
Your dear image all day long,
But 'tis stained with fears and sighs,
And its dimness does you wrong

PERFUME

WHAT gift for passionate lovers shall we find ?
Not flowers nor books of verse suffice for me,
But splinters of the odorous cedar tree,
And tufts of pine buds, cory in the wand ,
Give me young shoots ofromatic rind,
Or sulphure, redolent of sand and sea,
For all such fragrances I deem to be
Fit with my sharp desires to be combined
My heart is like a poet, whose one room,
Scented with Latskin fust and fine,
Dried rose leaves, and spilt attar, and old wine,
From curtained windows gathers its warm gloom
Reared all but one sweet picture, where incline
His thought and fancy mingled with perfume

VILLANELLE

LITTLE mistress mine, good bye !
I have been your sparrow true ,
Dig my grave, for I must die

Waste no tear and heave no sigh ,
Life should still be blithe for you,
Little mistress mine, good bye !

In your garden let me lie,
Underneath the pointed yew
Dig my grave, for I must die

We have loved the quiet sky
With its tender arch of blue
Little mistress mine, goodbye !

That I still may feel you nigh,
In your virgin bosom, too,
Dig my grave, for I must die

Let our garden friends that fly
Be the mourners, fit and few
Little mistress wren, good bye '
Dig my grave, for I must die

1870-71

THE year that Henry Regnault died,—
The sad red blossoming year of war,—
All nations cast the lyre aside,
And gazed through curved fingers far
At horror, wide, and wide

Not one new song from overseas
Came to us, who had ears to hear?
The kings of Europe's minstrelries
Walked, bowed, behind the harrowing year
Veiled, silent, ill at ease,

For us the very name of man
Grew hateful in that mass of blood

We talked of how new life began
To exiles by the eastern flood,
Flower girdled in Japan

We dreamed of new delight begun
In palm-encircled Indian shoals,
Where men are coloured by the sun,
And went out contemplative souls,
And vanish one by one

We found no pleasure any more
In all the whirl of Western thought,
The dreams that swayed our souls before
Were burst like bubbles, and we sought
New hopes on a new shore

The men who sang that pain was sweet
Scattered to us the dust of death
Scornfully with scornful taunting feet,
Then when the light of hope had fled
Our throats had a dry huskiness

The songs of pale emaciate hours,
The fungus growth of years of peace,
Withered before us like mown flowers,
We found no pleasure more in these,
When bullets fell in showers

For men whose robes are dashed with blood,
What joy to dream of gorgeous stars,
Stained with the torturing interlude
That soothed a Sultan's madday prayers,
In old days harsh and rude?

For men whose lips are blanched and white,
With aching wounds and torturing thirst,
What charm to canvas shot with light,
And pale with faces cleft and curst
Past life and life's delight?

And when the war had passed, and song
Broke out amongst us once again,
As birds sang fresher notes among

The sunshot woodlands after rain,
And happier tones prolong,—

So seemed it with the lyric heart
Of human singers, fresher aims
Sprang in the wilderness of art,
Sreener pathos, nobler claims
On man for his best part.

The times are changed, not Schumann now,
But Wagner is our music man,
Whose flutes and trumpets thrub and glow
With life, as when the world began
Its gear'd ebb and flow

The great god Pan rediversified
Comes, his old kingship to reclaim
New hope, are spreading far and wide,
The lands were urged as with a flame,
The year that at Regent died

DESIDERIUM

SIT there for ever, dear, and lean

In marble as in fleeting flesh,

Above the tall grey reeds that screen

The river when the breeze is fresh,

For ever let the morning light

Stream down that forehead broad and white,

And round that cheek for my delight

Already that flushed moment grows

So dark, so distant, through the ranks

Of scented reed the river flows

St'ill murmuring to its valley banks,

But we can never hope to share

Again that rapture fond and rare,

Unless you turn immortal there

There is no other way to hold

These wens of mingled joy and pain,
Like gossamer their threads enfold

The journeying heart without a stum,—
Then break, and pass in cloud or dew
And while the ecstatic soul goes through
Are withered in the parching blue

Hold, Time, a little while thy glass,

And, Youth, fold up those peacock wings!
More rapture fills the years that pass
Than any hope the future brings
Some for to-morrow rashly pray,
And some desire to hold to-day,
But I am set for yesterday

Since yesterday the hills were blue

That shall be grey for evermore,
And the firmament was still as if rough
With colourless or secreted fire
Tyrranic he controlled yesterday

And lost the terrors of his stay,
But is a god again to-day

Ah ! who will give us back the past ?

Ah ! woe, that youth should love to be
Like this swift Thimble that speeds so fast
And is so fain to find the sea,—
That leaves this mare of shadow and sleep,
These cracks down which blown blossoms creep
For breakers of the homelets deep

Then sit for ever, dew, in stone,

As when you turned with half a smile,
And I will haunt this isle alone,

And with a dream my tears beguile,
And in my reverie forget
That stars and suns were made to set,
That love grows old, or eyes are wet

THE SUPPLIANT

I HEATH the poplars o'er the sacred pool

The halcyons dart like rays of azure light,—
I see presage ' by the columns white and cool,
I'll watch till fall of night

I perceive the golden as the twilight's breath

Will come with silver feet and beardless hair,
And I am startled to decree my death,
Will hearken to my prayer

So when at noon me by the farn I go,

The lonely girl who near the fig tree stands,
May turn and move on painful feet and slow,
Put I hold on both her hands

THE HOUSELLEEK

To G. A. A.

GARLY housellect, v hose fur lady love
Is my white dove,
Peer down from our slant tiled roof and see
If in my garden my flower or tree
Grows but for me !

Else will I scatter yellow peas,
And at my ease
Will woo thy soft companion to my feet,
And in the darkness of my safe retreat,
Feel her heart beat,

And shut her in a golden cage,
And mock thy rage,

Till thy red spikes of blossom day by day
Beneath the woad and autumn suns decay,
And fade away

Round houseleek, squat upon the tiles '
For miles and miles
Thou canst gaze far and wide, look down for me
And tell me what thy cunning leaf can see
Hark though it be

The roses only live for pride,
The lilies died
Because the tough moth troubled their pure hills,
Deep down within the columbine's blue cells
Some sadness dwells,

The jonquils only breathe for God
I lookt up to
The hopeful hearted pansy down to death,
The forgetful overleaveth
Her noon and her noon death,

Only the violet I trust
Surely she must,
Being so sweet, so modest and so free,
And knowing how I love her utterly,
Be true to me?

O tell me houseleek, thou must know,
Say, is it so?
Then may thy dove's pinl feet upon the eaves
Perch all day long beside thy parent leaves,
While her throat grieves

MY OWN GRAVE

Transcribed from Robert Browning

When all my life is done
Remember the pleasant sun
When cold are breath and limbs,
And eyes grown dim

Before the whole heart
Grows dead to me prepare
A cover for my face
A resting place

Let me be forgotten
In the great oblivion
For blessed are the
That we forget

In some sequestered spot,
Apart, concealed, remote,
Blown round by multitudes
Of breezy woods,

Broad skies above my head
Green turf my body's bed,
And, flowing by my side,
A river wide

There let me too forget
All sorrow, pain and fret,
Made one with flowers and trees,
And like the lily these

Green spring, and sunlight shed
On summer's golden head,
Rich autumn warm with light,
And winter white,

Will bring, with various cheer
The sweet revolving year,

And I shall rest below
 And scarcely know

Yet haph when there shoots
 March life in crabbed roots,
 My heart shall wake to feel
 It upward steal

The new fledged birds shall bring
 Me solace when they sing,
 And sur the boughs thut in
 Above my fall

And when the bees in tune
 Hum dreamily of June
 While o'er heaven on high
 Soft clouds float by,

The long sweet grass will fill
 And in brown weather be still
 By me, a what long with
 Of rarer life

The men will whistle too
 Till twilight brings the day,
 Then leave the fallen grass
 And homeward pass

Their singing, low and sweet
 Vibration of their feet,
 The sense of youth again
 Will soothe my brain

With face and limbs and hair
 Dark on the misty air,
 They'll pass my dreaming eyes
 When daylight dies

And e'er September's wind
 The elm tree shade has thinned
 When rustles droop, and reeds
 Shake out their seeds

When autumn sunsets make
 A glory through the brake

And down the woodland glades
The amber fades,

Some maiden burnt on fire,
Shamed with her new desire,
Just valed to passionate will,
And trembling still,

Will come to hide her face
With all its girlish grace,
Where shining waters lave
My greenwood grave

Her wealth of shining tress
And glowing cheek will bless
The cool fresh blades that start
Out of my heart

There I tent, husband alone
No fear to shame her or me,
She'll give her quivering breast
One hour of rest

And I, perchance, who I now
So well the wail or woe
Of love, and oft before
Have taught its lore,

Through stress of love may gain
Some skill to quell her pain,
And send through black and flower
Some magic power

Howe'er it be, I I now
That lying there below,
My quiet dust will stir
With joy in her,

That all her youth will be
Like noontide rain to me,
Her beauty like the sun
When rain is done

Then let them shed no tear
Who hold my memory dear,

But pass, and leave me there,
In woodland air

Hemmed round by birds and bees,
To haunt the murmuring tree ,
When all this life is done
Beneath the sun

EPILOGUE

If thou dost in the sacred muse,
 Beware lest Nature, past recall,
Indignant at that crime, refuse
 Thine entrance to her audience hall,
 Beware lest sea, and sky, and all
That bears reflection of her face
 Be blotted with a hueless pall
Of unhuman red commonplace

The moving heaven, in rhythmic law
 Roll, if thou watch them or refrain
The waves upon the shore in rhyme
 But, heedless of thy law or rhyme
 Not they, but thou, hast lived in rhyme
If thou art deaf and dumb and blind

Parched in the heart of morning rain,
And on the flaming altar numb

Ah ! desolate hour when that shall be,
When dew and sunlight, rain and wind,
Shall seem but trivial things to thee,
Unloved, unheeded undrained,
Nay, rather let that morning find
Thy molten soul exhaled and gone,
Than in a living death resigned
So darkly still to labour on

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